

No 642

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5 Cents.

# WILD WEST

## WEEKLY.

YOUNG WILD WEST AT THE FLOODED TRENCHES  
OR SAVING A BELGIAN TOWN  
AND OTHER STORIES

By An Old Scout



Shells burst over their heads as they ran toward the rushing torrent. But Young Wild West did not seem to mind this. "Dig," he cried. "Turn the water this way, or the town is doomed!"

FRANK TOUSEY  
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# WILD WEST WEEKLY

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## IMPORTANT NOTICE!



Young Wild West and his partners will return to America, and resume their adventures in the Western States, in No. 645 of this weekly. Watch for their adventures again among the cowboys, indians, miners and bandits of the West

## Young Wild West at the Flooded Trenches

— OR —

### SAVING A BELGIAN TOWN

By AN OLD SCOUT

#### CHAPTER I.

##### THE PEACEFUL BELGIAN TOWN.

The little town of Soree, not many miles from Namur, had escaped devastation at the hands of the German forces, though much has been printed about the destruction of Belgian cities, towns and villages.

Soree was a modest little place, prettily situated in a valley, and when Young Wild West, the Champion Deadshot, and his friends who traveled with him in search of excitement and adventure entered it on a clear, cool November morning they could not but admire the beauty and simplicity that seemed to reign.

With the war raging all around it, the town was still intact, though it must be said that many of the inhabitants had fled.

Having been caught in the European war while exhibiting his great Wild West show, the well-known boy hero had succeeded in getting passes from various military chiefs, the great German Kaiser heading the list, and it was comparatively easy for him to travel about on horseback with his friends.

The show was in camp near Berlin, Germany, for Wild hoped the war would soon be over, so they might continue all through Europe and come back to the United States bearing glory as well as wealth.

Those who are well acquainted with the dashing young deadshot will quickly understand why he was bent upon getting all he could out of the greatest of all the wars that was now raging.

Adventure was his hobby, and that was all there was to it. Strictly neutral, our friends aiding the Red Cross and the poor unfortunate non-combatants at every chance they got.

The President of the United States had declared the neutrality of their own country, and they, being true Americans in every sense of the word, were abiding by it.

With our hero were his golden-haired sweetheart, Arletta Mordock; Cheyenne Charlie and his wife, Anna; Jim Dart and Klado Gardner, his sweetheart, and Hop Wah, the clever Chinese.

They had left the other members and employees of the show

in camp, and after making the rounds of the war zone pretty well, found themselves entering the little Belgian town not far from Namur.

With the same horses they had used in the Wild West of their own country, and which they used when performing in the big show, they rode into the village, Hop Wah bringing up the rear, driving the team that drew the wagon containing their camping outfit and supplies, his piebald broncho hitched behind.

The dashing young deadshot certainly made a picture, mounted on his sorrel stallion Spitfire, and wearing his regular Western costume; while Arletta, in her combination riding and hunting garb, mounted upon her cream-white broncho, made a fitting mate to him.

The rest, with the exception of the "heathen Chinese," were attired in the same way, so it was no wonder that the natives "sat up and took notice."

The firing of the heavy guns of the two armies could be heard on both sides, but the little town in the valley seemed to be safe.

Wild knew that the Germans were endeavoring to pull off a flank movement that would bring them that way, but this did not cause him much fear.

Having been in the war zone since the very beginning of hostilities, he had become accustomed to all its terrors, and his one great desire now was to help all he could, without diverging from his neutrality.

It was the same with his two partners and the girls, while Hop was ready and willing for anything.

"What do you think of this place, Et?" the young deadshot asked, as they brought their horses to a halt before an old-fashioned inn that had clusters of vines that were now turning brown growing nearly over the entire front.

"A pretty place, indeed, Wild," was the reply. "One would hardly think that war was raging all around here. And yet we heard that Belgium had been turned into one vast waste."

"The Germans certainly cleaned up a big part of it, I reckon. But this is one of the places that escaped. How about stopping at this inn? It looks to be quite a comfortable place."

"As you please, Wild. I suppose it would be all right, since there don't seem to be much of the military here."



Probably a score of men, women and children quickly gathered as the party dismounted.

The picturesque costumes of the party and the thoroughbred horses, not to speak of the Chinaman who was clad in the garb of the Orient, no doubt attracted them, and they talked excitedly in low tones, not one venturing to address our friends.

During the few months he had been in Europe Wild had mastered German pretty well, and could get along fairly well with the French tongue.

But he was in Belgium now, and one look at the people assembled was quite enough to convince him that they were real natives of that part of the country.

However, he decided to try it in French, so speaking in that language, he nodded to a man who seemed to be connected with the inn, even if he was not the landlord himself, and said:

"We are a party of Americans, my friend, and we would like to stop at your place for a day or two."

The words were understood, and the man quickly replied:

"You may stop here and you will be served as well as the circumstances will permit. But I cannot guarantee that my inn will be open very long. You know about the war, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, we all know about the war," the young deadshot answered, in his cool and easy way. "But there is no fighting going on here just now, so I reckon it will be all right."

Others in the small crowd that had assembled evidently understood the conversation, for there was considerable of a hubbub among them, and as if feeling reassured, they gathered a little closer to the group.

Wild dismounted, and then assisted his sweetheart to do likewise, the rest following the example set for them.

"Hop," the young deadshot called out, as he waved his hand to the Chinaman, "drive on around the building. You will probably find something in the way of a stable there. If there is any sort of a shed that's suitable for the purpose, put the wagon in it."

"Allee light, Misler Wild," came the cheerful reply, and then the clever Chinese started his team and quickly drove around the side of the building.

He was followed by a squatty old man who was very fat, and was attired in anything but a neat and expensive manner.

Our friends took it for granted that he was an employee at the inn, so they accepted the invitation of the landlord and entered a plain but neatly furnished little sitting-room, which had a very low ceiling.

As it was an old-fashioned house, and had evidently been built for many years, there was nothing strange in this.

The landlord called his wife, who was a buxom woman of middle age.

She proved to be somewhat of a scholar, for she could converse fluently in both French and German.

She was somewhat inquisitive, too, and in less than five minutes she knew more about the young deadshot and his friends than the average person would have learned in an hour.

But they were quite willing to let it be known who and what they were.

The mistress of the inn seemed very proud indeed to meet such distinguished people, as she took pains to call them.

She even went to another part of the house and returned with a big lithograph which was one of the advertisements of the Wild West show.

"This came from my son who is at the front," she said. "He wrote a long letter about the wonderful show, telling us what he had learned from a soldier who had been to see it."

"Our fame has spread all over Europe, Wild," Arietta said, turning to her young lover laughingly.

"I reckon so, Et," was the reply. "But that's all right. Just wait till this war stops. We will certainly do a rushing business, I am sure."

"If there's anybody left to come an' see the show we will," Cheyenne Charlie put in, with a shrug of the shoulders. "Another thing," he added, reflectively, "even if all the soldiers don't get killed them what's left an' the women an' children what don't got no one to support 'em won't have money enough to buy tickets for a show. I sorter reckon we ain't goin' to do a pile of business, not in this here part of Europe."

"Never mind, Charlie," Wild said, smilingly. "We are here, and we are going to make the best of it. Things are progressing pretty nicely, anyhow. I reckon we can stand it till spring, and if the war don't over by that time we'll just pack up and go back home, or perhaps we may take a ship from England and go to Australia."

"That would be all right, I s'pose. I'm jest hopin' that everything is goin' to turn out all right."

It was found that there were no other guests at the inn, so it was easy for our friends to be accommodated.

Having had considerable experience with foreigners in this particular sort of business, Wild was careful to learn what the charges would be.

But the innkeeper proved to be quite reasonable, so the young deadshot paid him two days' board in advance, as well as the extra charges for the horses.

The man's name was Merseman, as he took pains to tell them, though Cheyenne Charlie declared that he would never be able to pronounce such a foreign name.

"What's your first name?" he asked, in as good French as he could master.

"Julian. I was a Belgian soldier, but they do not want me now, because I am past the age and am lame. Wait, I will show you."

Then he hastened to a closet and quickly came out with a heavy gun that was somewhat behind the times, and promptly proceeded to show them what he knew about the infantry drill.

"Good!" cried Wild, clapping his hands when the man was through. "You certainly are a soldier, I am sure."

"My boy is fighting for his country," was the proud reply, and then he carefully rubbed off the old gun and put it away.

After refreshing themselves with some fresh milk and cake, which the landlady insisted upon them having, the girls retired to the rooms that had been assigned to them, while Wild and his partners went out to the wagon, so they might get the suit-cases and traveling bags that contained the clothing they carried with them.

They found Hop still there.

He was busy talking to the fat little Belgian, or trying to talk, rather, for neither could understand a word the other said.

So much occupied were they that they failed to notice the approach of the young deadshot and his partners until they were within a few feet of them.

Then Hop was seen to suddenly grab a bottle, which was upon a bench between the two, and slip it under his Chinese coat, or blouse, as it might be called.

"Tanglefoot, Wild," Charlie said, a grin on his face. "The heathen has been treatin' the forelgnier, I reckon."

"I don't know how it is that he manages to carry so much liquor about with him," was the reply. "But it's one sure thing, we can't break him of the habit, so as long as he behaves himself we'll have to let him go ahead."

"Hello, Misler Wild. Hello, Misler Charlie. Hello, Misler Jim," the clever Chinese called out, just as if he saw them for the first time. "Very nicee morning, so be. Me talkee to um lillee fat man. He velly muchee nicee."

"Have the horses been looked after?" Wild asked, as he turned to the stable, which was directly on the right.

"Yes, Misler Wild; evelythling allee light. Um lillee fat man helpee me and we puttee um horses away, so be. Um wagon in um barn. You wantee go to um wagon, maybe?"

"That's just what we want to do."

"Me knowee lat, so me no lockee um door. Me gottee key."

He held up the key to show that he was telling the truth.

The double doors of the barn were right near the bench upon which the two had been sitting, so Wild quickly opened one of them and found the wagon duly installed there.

Jim quickly got into it, and handed out the belongings he wished to take to the house, and when this was done and they came outside with them, Wild told Hop to lock the door, which he promptly did.

"I'll take the key, Hop," the boy said, a twinkle in his eyes, for he knew it was more than likely that there was something in the barn that the Chinaman would want to get before very long.

"Allee light, Misler Wild. You takee um key. Me no wantee."

But the expression on his face as he spoke the words told plainly that he was not altogether speaking the truth.

"I reckon you have got enough whisky in that bottle you put under your blouse a little while ago, heathen," the scout remarked, grinningly. "Been treatin' that little feller, I s'pose. How does he like tanglefoot?"

"Velly muchee, Misler Charlie," and Hop laughed heartily. "You velly smartee Melican man, so be. You knowee evelythling. Me havee lillee tanglefoot, and me givee um lillee fat man allee nicee dlinkee. Me just go to give um velly nicee cigar when you comee."



"Was you goin' to blow him up?"

"Lat light, Misler Charlie. Allee samee bang velly muchee quikee."

"Go ahead an' give it to him now. I want to see how he'll act when the cigar explodes."

"Allee light, Misler Charlie," and Hop quickly felt in one of his pockets and produced a couple of cigars.

He lighted one as Wild and Jim picked up the suit-cases and started for the house.

Meanwhile the Belgian was looking on as if undecided whether to remain or go away from the spot.

Charlie sat down, for he was willing to wait to see the fun.

Hop puffed away at his cigar for a minute or two, and then nodding to the little man, he said:

"You likee smokee, so be?"

As he held out the cigar the man understood what he said, and though somewhat surprised, he quickly nodded in the affirmative.

Hop tossed him the cigar, which he caught quite cleverly, and then striking a match, stepped over, holding it so he might get a light.

Puff—puff.

The Belgian sucked away at the end of the cigar, and soon had it going nicely.

"Now len, Misler Charlie, you watchee," the clever heathen said, as he went back to the bench and sat down.

Charlie took a seat beside him, while the Belgian, very proud at having received the cigar, leaned against the barn door and smoked away as if he thoroughly enjoyed it.

When probably half an inch of the cigar had been burned there was a sharp, sizzling sound, and then—

Bang!

The cigar exploded with a report very much like that of the average firecracker.

The poor Belgian, unaccustomed to such things as that, gave a cry of alarm and attempted to run from the spot.

But he stumbled over the pair of wagon shafts that were leaning against the barn, and went sprawling upon the ground.

"Hip hi! Whattee mattee?" Hop cried, appearing to be much excited.

He ran to him and quickly assisted his victim to his feet, while the scout, who thoroughly enjoyed the practical joking of the heathen, held his hands to his sides and laughed heartily.

"Hop," he said, as he got his breath, "that trick is about as old as any one I've ever heard of. I s'pose they started partin' powder in cigars when they first begun to make 'em. But say, no matter how old it is, it always seems blamed new every time it's done. Now that little feller never seen sich a thing, it ain't likely, so you kin jest imagine how he feels about it. The blamed cigar blew all to pieces. See! He's lookin' around for it."

Sure enough, the little fat man was looking down on the ground in a bewildered sort of way.

Here and there a piece of smoking tobacco could be seen, but that was all that was left of the cigar.

Evidently he had not been harmed one bit, though neither Hop nor Charlie would have thought it anything out of the way if his grizzly mustache had been singed a little.

For fully two or three minutes the victim of the joke remained puzzled.

Then gradually his face began to light up, and catching Charlie laughing just then, he suddenly turned upon the Chinaman and began to berate him in his own language.

"Whattee mattee?" the Chinaman asked, affecting great surprise. "You allee samee gittee crazy, so be."

But the words had no effect at all, and becoming bolder, the Belgian suddenly seized the cigar Hop had in his mouth and then darted away as fast as his short legs could carry him.

"There, heathen!" the scout exclaimed, as he turned to pick up the suit-case and grip he intended to carry to the house, "I sorter reckon he's got square with you. Anyhow, he thinks so. He's laughin', too, now, an' blamed if he ain't got the cigar in his mouth!"

"Nawee mindes, Misler Charlie. He velly funny illlee fat man, so be. He be my friend pretty soonee."

If he gets on friendly terms with you he's a fool, that's all I kin say," and so saying the scout hurried to the house.

The report made by the exploding cigar had attracted the attention of the crowd that was assembled before the house.

But no one had ventured to come very close to the spot where it occurred.

However, the driveway, which was not over wide, was

pretty well blocked when the scout got there with the Chinaman following him.

"I reckon they want to know what's the matter. Hop," Charlie said, grinning broadly as he nodded to the Chinaman. "Jest tell 'em."

"Lat allee light, Misler Charlie. You tellee allee 'boutee. Ley no undelstandee me."

The natives quickly got out of the way and stared at the two as they passed on around to the front of the building and entered the sitting-room.

It happened that the landlord's wife had started up an old-fashioned organ just before the cigar exploded, so no one in the house had heard the report.

Wild and Jim of course knew what was likely to happen, but such things were old to them, and they had come on to the house.

The rest were in the upper part of the building now, so Charlie went on into the hallway and upstairs to his room, leaving Hop in the sitting-room.

The landlady, evidently thinking it would be a great pleasure to hear the music, was still grinding away at the organ.

She saw the scout and Hop enter, but when Charlie went on upstairs she did not think it proper to stop the music yet.

Hop looked her over carefully, and then taking off his hat, he bowed politely.

"Velly nicee day, so be," he observed, in a loud, squeaky voice.

Probably she thought he was complimenting her for the beautiful music the organ was emitting, for she turned a little faster.

Such an ancient musical instrument seemed to be a sort of joke to the clever Chinese, and after listening for a moment he stepped up to her and gently pulled her hand from the handle.

"Velly nicee music," he said, again bowing.

"Oui, m'sieur," she answered, politely.

"Lat allee samee French. Me knowee lat. Polly you froggee leggee?"

At this the woman broke into a fit of laughter, and not knowing what else to do, Hop seized the handle of the organ and began turning it violently.

So fast did he keep it up that the instrument began to tremble and sway.

The proprietor came rushing in, showing great astonishment.

There stood his wife in the center of the room holding up her hands in amazement, while the Chinaman was doing his best to make the old organ leap from the floor.

"Hip hi!" he shouted. "Allee samee gleat music."

Then he gave a quicker turn than usual, and over went the machine with a crash, the music ceasing instantly.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE GERMANS ADVANCE UPON NAMUR.

The Belgian innkeeper and his wife could not have been more startled if the house had been suddenly attacked by a troop of German soldiers.

Evidently the old musical instrument was greatly prized by them, and to see it lying upon the floor apparently ruined was quite enough to bring dismay to them.

Young Wild West and his friends upstairs could not help hearing the racket.

But they thought nothing very strange of it until the crash that ended the music came to their ears.

"Great gimlets!" Cheyenne Charlie exclaimed, turning to Wild and Jim excitedly. "What in thunder is the matter downstairs? That blamed old rattle-box of an organ was goin' like lightnin' an' all of a sudden it goes an' busts. The heathen, I'll bet."

"You have got that just about right, Charlie," the young deadshot answered, as he started from the room.

The girls were just descending the stairs, for they, too, were anxious to know what had happened.

They had been laughing and talking about the music, for the innkeeper's wife had shown them the old organ before they went up to their rooms, and they took it for granted that she was playing it for their especial benefit.

But the crash startled them as it did the young deadshot and his partners, and downstairs they all went as fast as they could get there.

Meanwhile Hop had slipped out of the house, leaving the



boss and his wife wringing their hands and talking excitedly in their own language over what had happened.

The two were just lifting the organ to an upright position as Arietta came in, followed by the rest.

Then for the next five minutes Merseman and his wife tried to explain, but with little success, since they forgot to speak in French or German.

Cheyenne Charlie kept laughing almost continually, and it was as much as the rest could do to keep from joining in.

Finally Wild took the woman by the arm and said:

"Please explain what it is all about."

"The Chinees," she answered, quickly. "He upset our great musical instrument."

"All right. If there is any damage done you shall be paid for it, and you can bet he will be punished if he did it purposely."

"He was playing too fast," she cried, wringing her hands. "My poor organ will play no more, for it is broken."

"Wait and see if it is broken."

Then Wild stepped over and started turning the crank.

The music sounded all right, and when he became satisfied there was really nothing broken, he nodded to her and said:

"I reckon the old machine is all right. We'll just put it back in place for you. Now we'll go and look for the Chinaman."

At that moment Hop, who had been listening outside, walked boldly into the room.

"Whattée mattee, Misler Wild?" he asked, affecting great innocence.

"You'll find out what's the matter very quickly," was the reply. "What did you want to upset that old organ for?"

"Me no helpee, Misler Wild. Me wantee play velly fastee music, so be, and um organ allee samee startee to dance. Velly strange. Pletty soonee bang! um organ fallée down."

But the young deadshot would not let it go at that.

"If there is anything wrong with it you can bet you'll have to pay well for it," he said, shaking a finger warningly at the heathen. "It's all right for you to have a little fun now and then, but when it comes to destroying furniture and the like, you had better draw a line. Now then, I am going to let the boss and his wife look the organ over, and if they claim that there is anything broken upon it you will pay them whatever they think the damage is."

"Lat allee light, Misler Wild. Me gottee plenty money, so be. Me pay velly muchee quickee."

Then, as if he thought it was the easiest way to get out of the scrape, Hop drew a handful of gold coins from one of his pockets, and held them before the faces of the Belgian and his wife.

At the sight of so much gold their eyes opened wide, but when Hop deliberately picked out two English sovereigns and handed each one of them, they were more surprised than ever.

"Evelythling allee light," he said, bowing and smiling. "Me no wantee bleak um organ, so be. Me velly smartee Chinees."

Evidently they were more than satisfied with the recompense they had received for the upsetting of the old instrument.

Wild had already convinced them that it was still in about as good order as it was before the thing happened, and now with a sovereign apiece they could well afford to let the matter drop.

The woman thanked Hop, and then turning to Arietta, explained that she was grateful for the Chinaman's gift, and that she hoped that he would not be punished.

The inn-keeper, too, expressed himself that way, so the result was that Hop got off very easily.

It mattered little to him that he was forced to pay so much money to settle for the little fun.

Being an expert card sharp, he very often came upon those he could win money from, so the result was that it was seldom indeed that he had less than a thousand dollars upon his person.

However, since his sojourn in Europe he had made little headway in the gambling line, though on a few occasions he had enjoyed himself as well as adding to his wealth.

As the inn-keeper started from the room, looking at the coin he had received, Hop stepped beside him, and placing his hand upon his arm, said:

"Maybe we havee lillee dlink, so be."

He was not understood, so Charlie thought he had better help him out.

"What's tanglefoot in French, gal?" he asked Anna.

"I imagine there is no such word in the French language," she replied, laughingly.

"Well, that's what Hop wants."

"Ask for liquor, then, or brandy. You ought to know what that means."

"I reckon I do. I picked up all sich words as them."

Then the scout turned to the puzzled inn-keeper, who was doing his best to understand what the Chinaman was saying, and in rather poor French, said:

"He wants brandy. Something to drink."

"Ah!"

The face of Merseman became illumined with a smile instantly.

Then he turned and invited them all to have something at his expense.

But it happened that Charlie and Hop were the only ones who ever touched anything in the way of strong drink, and when they were so informed the Belgian and his wife were not a little surprised.

It seemed that almost every one in that part of the country drank light wines at least.

But tourists from foreign countries had been in the habit of passing through that section, and the result was that there was quite a stock of all sorts of soft drinks in the Belgian's larder.

He insisted upon treating them, so a few minutes later all hands were supplied with what they ordered.

Cheyenne Charlie and Hop each took something strong, and when they both assured Merseman that it was very good, he winked at them, and then after excusing himself to the rest of the company, motioned the two to follow him.

"We'll be back in a minute," the scout said, a twinkle in his eyes. "Most likely he's goin' to show us the stock he's got on hand."

This was exactly what the man wanted to do.

They were led across the hallway into another room, which was fitted up with a few tables and chairs, with all sorts of curious pictures hanging from the walls.

This was no doubt the room that was occupied by the natives of the village who came there to talk over the news and spin yarns.

But directly back of this was another room, and as he unlocked the door, Merseman said:

"Come right in."

"Evelythling allee light," Hop answered, nodding his head. "We comee in, so be."

He followed him inside and found the room to contain as many as half a dozen barrels, each of which had a tap in it, while upon shelves that ran almost to the ceiling were bottles and jugs of all sorts.

This was the tap-room, as it might be called, though few if any were permitted to enter it.

Just what the Belgian might have done to the two cannot be said.

He wanted them to taste everything he had.

Hop might have been willing, but Charlie was not.

He always made it a point never to go too far in that particular direction.

"See here, heathen," he said, as Hop accepted the invitation to take a third drink, "I reckon you had better cut this out. The first thing you know you'll be gloriously drunk, an' then you'll make us all feel ashamed of you."

"Lat allee light, Misler Charlie. Me no gittee dlunk, so be. Me velly smartee Chinees."

But Charlie was bound to have it his way.

After assuring the inn-keeper that they cared for nothing more, he pulled the Chinaman from the room.

"Now then, you kin go outside an' make friends with the hostler, if you want to," he said. "You have got whisky hid around somewhere, anyhow. But if you take my advice you won't touch any more of it for a while. It will soon be dinner-time."

"Yes, Misler Charlie. Me gittee hungly now, so be. Where me sleepee to-night?"

"By jingo! I never thought of that. They didn't show you to no room, did they?"

"No, Misler Charlie. Ley allee samee forgittee 'bout your Chinees."

"I reckon I'll go an' see about it."

The scout turned back and found the proprietor sitting in the room where the chairs and tables were.

It happened that a native came in at that moment for the purpose of getting something to drink.

But he quickly bowed and stepped back when he saw the scout.

"Sav, boss," Charlie said, in his best French, "how about the Chinees? Where is he to sleep to-night?"



"Oh! We have a small room directly at the head of the stairs for him."

"Kin he go up there now?"

"Yes."

Then bidding the customer to wait a moment, Merseman conducted the two to the room at the head of the stairs.

"There you are, Hop," Charlie said, as he pushed the Chinaman in. "It ain't much of a room, but I reckon the bed is good an' soft."

"Allee light, Misler Charlie. Me velly muchee satisfy, so be."

As the scout went downstairs he was just in time to hear excited voices in the customers' room of the inn.

Opening the door, he saw about a dozen men, all of them jesticulating and talking at once, while the inn-keeper stood before them aghast.

"What's the matter, boss?" Charlie demanded, stepping over and taking Merseman by the arm.

"The Germans are advancing upon the town," was the quick reply. "We shall all be killed or made prisoners."

"Thunder!"

The scout was certainly surprised.

But without waiting to hear anything further, he hurried back to where his friends were trying to take things comfortably, and quickly informed them of what he had heard.

"Well, boys," the young deadshot said, in his cool and easy way, as he nodded to Jim and the scout, "this may be a false report. We have an hour yet before dinner will be ready, so I reckon we may as well take a ride around and find out something about it. Come on."

"You had better be a little careful, Wild," Arietta advised, when she saw that he was going to leave the house.

"That's all right, little girl. I reckon we'll be careful enough. If we happen to run upon any of the Germans, it won't take us long to make them understand who we are. I have the Kaiser's royal document, you know, as well as several others."

"Oh, of course. I am not fearing any on that score. But you might be fired on through mistake, if you should happen to appear suddenly before the soldiers."

But the boy only laughed at this, and leaving the house, followed by Charlie and Jim, who were really anxious to go out for a horseback ride, he soon reached the stable.

Hop was there, and so was the little fat man, and apparently they were upon the best of terms.

It did not take the three long to saddle their horses, and as they were mounting to ride away, Hop called out:

"Where you go, Misler Wild?"

"Never you mind, heathen," was the reply. "You stay here. We'll be back by dinner-time."

Our friends knew that the French and English were well intrenched in a long line about three miles above the town, where the ground was much higher.

If the Germans were really advancing it might be that they would pass directly through the town.

This would of course mean that more or less devastation would occur.

Certainly the terrified residents who still remained there would have to flee, for the tales that had been told to them by others made them fear the Kaiser's forces greatly.

Wild had a fine pair of field-glasses with him, so it occurred to him that if they could get to some high spot they might have a chance to take a good view of the surrounding country and find out just what was going on.

"We'll ride for that high peak over there, boys," he said, as they went on out into the street. "It isn't more than a mile and a half away, and once we get there I'm sure we'll have a good vlew."

"Right you are, Wild," the scout answered, so away they rode, while the excited townspeople who had gathered before the inn looked at them in wonder.

Turning to the left, they came upon a road which ran straight to the foot of the long slope.

On the right was a good-sized stream, really a tributary of the Meuse which flowed parallel with the canal which was so many miles in length.

Directly west of Soree, at a distance of about ten miles, the main body of the allied forces were gathered.

They were on the opposite side of the canal, and as has been said, were strongly intrenched there.

Up toward Namur and all along to the east the Germans were located.

This meant that if they were really advancing they must come directly through the town.

Wild spoke of this to his partners as they slackened the pace of their horses and rode up out of the valley.

They continued on for just about a mile and a half, and then found themselves upon quite a high elevation.

As they brought their horses to a halt and proceeded to look around they could see off to the south that the report was true.

The Germans were advancing in large numbers, and directly upon the town, it seemed.

But when the young deadshot took a look with his powerful field glasses he saw another body advancing from the south-east.

This was fully fifteen miles distant, and the boy could see the river and canal, with the English and French troops solidly intrenched, for a distance of five or six miles.

After taking a good look he permitted his partners to use the glasses, and when they had done so he nodded and said:

"Well, boys, it looks to me as if they are trying to execute a flank movement. They want to catch the Allies from behind on the east, while the main body of the Kaiser's army is advancing from the south. Come to think of it, I hardly believe they will advance up here. We'll take the chances on it, anyhow, and after dinner we'll ride over toward Namur and see what happens."

Charlie and Jim were perfectly satisfied to this, so after remaining there for probably half an hour, during which they could see that the Allies were making preparations for the expected attack, they rode on down into the village again.

All was excitement there now.

Teams were leaving with wagons that were loaded down with the effects of the residents.

At the inn Merseman and his wife were almost distracted, for they feared that their business as well as their home would soon be broken up.

"Take it easy," Wild told them, in his cool and easy way. "I hardly think there will be any trouble here for a while. You can bet that the Germans will not come nearer than five miles to this place. Their objective point is the canal over there, where the Allies are waiting in such a large force."

Somehow they seemed to listen to him more than they would to any one else, and it was not long before he had calmed them sufficiently to enable them to go ahead and prepare the noonday meal.

It was rather late when dinner was served, but it was a pretty good one, and our friends certainly did justice to it.

Shortly after they left the table heavy cannonading was heard to the west.

"Somethin' doin', Wild, I reckon," the scout said, shrugging his shoulders. "They've opened up with them guns they tote along with automobiles."

"I reckon you're right, Charlie. Suppose we ride over that way and have a look at the fighting?"

"Nothin' would suit me better."

"And I feel the same way," Jim added.

So in spite of the protestations of the girls, the three again got their horses and started to ride over toward Namur.

They were not yet out of the town limits when a regiment of Belgian soldiers appeared over the crest of a hill, marching to aid the defense of the French and English.

"Come on, boys. Let's get away from here," the young deadshot said, as he started his horse at a gallop. "I reckon they might want to stop us."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when half a dozen shots were fired from the advancing infantry, the bullets going over their heads.

There was no alternative but to halt, so this they quickly did.

### CHAPTER III.

#### OUR FRIENDS ASSIST A SOLDIER IN HIS LOVE AFFAIR.

Wild expected they would have trouble when they met the Belgian soldiers, but he relied upon the letters and papers he had from the English and French generals to pass them along.

As they brought their horses to a halt and turned and faced the advancing regiment, the firing ceased instantly.

But it was evident that there had been no intention to harm them.

The shots were fired simply to halt them.

No doubt the Belgians were amazed to see three strangers in Wild West costumes, and they might easily have mistaken them for spies in disguise.

The colonel in charge of the regiment rode up with his



aides, and then the large body of men were ordered to the right, so they might pass on without causing our three friends to move from where they had halted.

"How are you, general?" Wild called out, in his cool and easy way, as he gave the military salute. "Sorry to put you to any trouble, but I suppose you don't know who we are."

He spoke in French, and was quickly understood.

But the general seemed to be too dignified to hold a conversation with the strangers himself.

He detailed this to one of his aides, who stepped forward rather stiffly and then said in English:

"You are Americans."

"You have got that dead right, my friend," Wild answered, glad that he now was certain of making himself understood. "We are from the big Wild West Show that started to tour Europe but got stopped on account of the war. I reckon everything is all right, as we are strictly neutral. We are stopping at the inn in the town here, and are just looking around to see how things are going. I have some papers here that will no doubt convince you that we are all right."

"Produce the papers at once," was the reply.

"Oh, I'll do that all right. Take it easy, my friend."

The aide frowned at this.

Wild was not long in showing him two papers, one of them bearing the signature of the general who was in command at Liege, and the other a passport for himself and friends signed by the military secretary of France.

He did not deem it advisable to show the German documents he had, since he was now in the territories that were being held by the Allies.

When the man scanned the papers over he looked sharply at the young deadshot and his partners, and then became more pleasant.

"You will wait a minute," he said.

The general in command was then permitted to read the papers, and when he had done so he looked thoughtful for a moment, and then spoke something in his own tongue to the aide, who quickly returned Wild the papers.

"You are advised to keep well back from the points where our military is operating," he said.

"Thank you. I reckon we won't interfere with the fighting. Certainly we can take no part in it, since we are strictly neutral. We are Americans, you know."

"Yes, you are Americans, and you shall be respected as such. But it is the general's advice, I am telling you."

"All right, we'll keep back out of the way, then," and so saying the boy turned his horse and moved over to the roadside, Charlie and Jim promptly following him.

Then as he rode along the general saluted rather stiffly.

"That's all right," Wild called out. "I wish you luck. You have got a right to fight for your country, so go ahead. Anyhow, Belgium was forced into the war, so they say."

No attention was paid to the remarks, and spurring his horse, the general galloped along toward the head of the line.

There was no need to hurry now, so waiting for about ten minutes, until the regiment had got well ahead of them, our friends started along the road again.

They did not have to go very far before they came to a cross-road, and seeing that it would give them a chance to get ahead of the advancing infantry, they turned to the left and went galloping away.

They now found themselves in a farming district, and seeing a cow-path running across a field that was several acres in extent, with a modest farm-house and outbuildings located near an orchard, they decided to take a still further short-cut.

There was a bars there that was supposed to be let down for the cattle to get in and out of the field.

But Young Wild West and his partners did not stop for such things as that.

Having a fairly good start, Wild gave the word for Charlie and Jim to follow him, and then urged the sorrel stallion forward at a gallop.

"Over you go, Spitfire," he said, as they reached the bars, and the noble animal arose with the greatest of ease and cleared it.

Charlie and Jim were just as successful, and then coming down to a slower pace, they proceeded along across the field, following the cattle path.

There was no one to be seen anywhere upon the farm, and it was not until they were very close to the house that they came in sight of a human being.

The one they saw gave them a little surprise, since it was a Belgian soldier, and by the way he acted he was afraid of being discovered.

"Wild," said the scout, as he rode up close to the young

deadshot, "that feller has sneaked away from them soldiers, an' you kin bet on it."

"It looks that way, Charlie. But it is none of our affair."

"Of course not. But he's seen us comin', an' he acts as if he's afraid. Maybe we had better talk to him."

"Oh, we'll do that all right, Charlie."

The soldier had paused under a tree that was only a few yards from the farm-house, and he stood there waiting for the three to ride up.

"Hello, my friend," Wild said, as he came up and brought his horse to a halt. "What seems to be the trouble?"

He spoke in French, which was readily understood by the man, who quickly answered:

"You will not arrest me, please."

"I reckon we are not in that sort of business just now," and the young deadshot laughed lightly. "But what are you doing here?"

"You are Americans," the soldier ventured, rather timidly.

"Yes, and strictly neutral. You needn't fear that we will do you any harm. Now tell us what you are doing here."

"I came to see my sweetheart, so I might bid her good-by, perhaps forever."

"Oh, I see. Your sweetheart lives in this house, then?"

"Yes," and the soldier became more at ease.

"All right, take my advice and see her as quickly as possible and get back to your regiment."

The soldier's face lighted up with joy.

"Thank you," he said.

Then he hurried around to the rear of the house.

He had just about time to get inside when the clatter of hoofs sounded along the road which ran close to the house, and looking in that direction, Wild and his partners saw four Belgian cavalymen riding swiftly to the spot.

"What in thunder are they comin' here for, I wonder?" Cheyenne Charlie spoke up, as he looked keenly at the approaching horsemen.

"Looking for the soldier who just went into the house. I imagine," Jim Dart answered.

"I reckon you're about right, Jim," the young deadshot declared. "The soldier undoubtedly broke the rules by leaving his regiment to come and bid farewell to his sweetheart. It rather strikes me that we won't be breaking our neutrality if we help him out a bit."

"That's it, Wild," and the scout nodded his approval. "You do the talkin'."

The three had not dismounted, and were still at a halt very close to the house among the trees.

But they knew pretty well that the cavalymen must have seen them, so they remained right where they were.

Up came the four mounted men, acting as if they were very anxious about something.

"Hello, strangers!" Wild called out, in his cool and easy way, as they brought their horses to a halt.

He spoke in his native tongue, and much to his surprise one of them promptly answered:

"Hello, Young Wild West!"

"I took you to be a native of this country," Wild said, as he rode up a little closer so he might have a chance to look him over well.

"So I am, but I am an American citizen just the same."

"That's pleasing to hear. How comes it that you know me?"

"From the pictures I have seen and what I have read of you. It is rather surprising to find you here, though."

"Oh, I don't know about that. We are liable to turn up anywhere, isn't that right, boys?"

"You kin bet your life it is, Wild," the scout answered, while Jim gave an affirmative nod.

"I suppose you saw us here among the trees and thought you had better ride down and investigate, is that it?" Wild ventured, after a pause.

"We saw you, but that isn't what brought us here exactly."

"Oh, is that so? Got a friend living in the house, probably, or maybe one of you lives here himself."

"No, none of us live here. I live at Sorel, the town just beyond here, though. My name is Mersmen."

"What!" exclaimed the scout, giving a start. "You ain't the son of the feller what keeps the inn, are you?"

"The very same. So you stopped there, did you?"

"We are making our headquarters there," Wild replied promptly. "Your parents told us that they had a son at the front, but they did not say anything about you being so close to your home."

"They know nothing of it, I suppose. Our battalion only arrived here last night at dusk."



While the conversation was going on the other three cavalymen were looking at the house somewhat anxiously.

Our friends could not help noticing this, but they decided to say nothing until they were compelled to, for they all felt that the four men were looking for the soldier.

After talking a while about his parents and explaining that he had accompanied an uncle and aunt to America something like ten years before, but had returned when the war broke out, so he might fight for his country, Merseman looked keenly at the young deadshot and said:

"We saw a soldier whom we took to be one of the infantry coming this way, and knowing that he must have left without permission, we came over to discover what it meant."

"Is that so?" Wild asked, affecting surprise. "We have been here quite a little length of time. Just halted under these trees to rest our horses. I am certain we didn't see any one coming this way, save you four."

This was indeed the truth, for the fact was that the soldier had been there before them, so they could not possibly see him approaching.

"Is that so?" and Merseman, though somewhat surprised, appeared to be satisfied.

He spoke something in the Belgian language to his companions, and then they rode on around the house and soon returned to where our three friends were waiting.

A few commonplace remarks were made regarding the war, and then after assuring Wild and his partners that he would pay a visit to the home of his parents just as soon as he could obtain leave, Merseman rode away with his three men.

"I reckon that's all right, boys," the young deadshot said, smilingly. "Now then, we'll go on a short distance and then come back and see how the soldier is making out with his sweetheart. It wasn't necessary to lie one little bit, though I actually believe I would have done some of it rather than see the soldier get into trouble."

"That's right, Wild," Jim answered, with a nod. "Probably the poor fellow thinks that it might be the last time he'll ever see his sweetheart, and he ought to have a chance to bid her good-by. But for my part, I hope he goes through the war and comes back safe and sound."

They rode on through the orchard a short distance, and reaching the top of the hill, saw the four cavalymen a good quarter of a mile ahead and riding along swiftly, as if they wished to overtake a long line of mounted troops that was advancing from the northwest.

Satisfied that the four would not likely return, they turned and rode back to the house.

Around to the rear they proceeded, and then just as they were dismounting a door opened and the soldier appeared, his face aglow with pleasure.

"You prevented them from catching me here," he said in French.

"We rather steered them off. I reckon," was the reply. "How did you make out?"

"Very fine thanks to you."

Then he turned to the door and called out to some one inside, and the next moment a blushing girl of eighteen appeared.

She was followed by a middle-aged woman who was undoubtedly her mother, and then a rather old man came limping forward, a cane in his hand.

"So this is your sweetheart, eh?" Wild said, smilingly, as he nodded toward the girl.

"Yes. I took a big risk in coming here, but I felt that I must do it."

"All right. Now you have seen her, so I advise you to bid her good-by and return to your regiment. I hope you will get there without being missed."

"Oh, I'll manage to do that all right. I can take a short-cut and catch up with them in less than half an hour."

Wild then asked his name, and was informed that the soldier was Maxon Bisbee, and that he was a native of that part of Belgium.

"All right," Wild said, with a nod at receiving this information. "My name is Young Wild West, and these two gentlemen are Cheyenne Charlie and Jim Dart, my partners. I reckon we'll be off now. Don't linger too long, or you may get into trouble."

Then the three promptly mounted their horses and, waving their hands to those at the door of the house, rode away, well satisfied with the way the little incident had turned out.

The ordinary sounds of the battle that was raging along the lines in the distance had not been noticed by the three, but they had not gone more than two hundred yards from

the house when there was such a deafening roar of artillery that they were compelled to turn and look around.

"Something's up, I reckon!" Cheyenne Charlie exclaimed. "Let's git on the hill over there, Wild, an' see what it is."

"Right you are," was the reply, and then the three went galloping toward the hill the scout mentioned.

Reaching the top of it, Wild turned his glasses to the south.

What he saw less than three miles away was a big body of Germans pressing forward while the heavy artillery in their rear kept pounding away.

The ranks of the Allies were breaking, and as the boy kept his eyes glued to the glass he saw the center broken through.

"Take a look, Jim," he said, somewhat excitedly, as he handed one glass to Dart.

"Great Scott!" was the exclamation that came from Jim's lips. "They are flanking them on the right, too. A clever piece of business on the part of the German commanders."

It certainly was a case of retreat for the French, who were bearing the blunt of the attack.

On their left were the English lines, fighting valiantly to stem the tide, while on the right a division of Belgians were seen approaching.

It happened to be a very good spot to watch what was going on, and our friends took turns at looking through the glass until half an hour had elapsed.

At the expiration of that time the entire center had been driven back for a distance of a mile, giving the Germans possession of the trenches that had been occupied by the French previously.

On the right the big German wing was fighting furiously to drive back the Belgians.

But it happened that they were slightly outnumbered, and gradually they were forced to give it up, though they gained perhaps a quarter of a mile and all but had possession of the trenches of that section.

Presently a shell burst very near to the farmhouse, and as our three friends turned and looked that way they saw the girl and her parents come rushing out as if half frightened to death.

Boom!

Another shell landed near the same spot, making it look very much as if the artilleryman was trying to destroy the house.

Of course some of the lighter field-pieces and howitzers were brought up in the rear of the successful forces, and it might be that the men had not yet got the right range.

Certainly they were shooting away over the heads of the allied troops.

"Come on, boys, we'll go down there and try and allay their fears," Wild said, as he turned and rode swiftly down the hill.

As they came galloping up to the house the frightened family welcomed them with shouts of joy.

"Don't be alarmed," Wild said, speaking in French, as usual, and at the same time motioning to them to make clear what he said. "The chances are that no more shells will come this way."

But the words were scarcely out of his mouth when there was a shrill, whistling sound, and then a shell struck the roof of the house and exploded, nearly blowing the building into kindling wood.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE SITUATION BECOMES GRAVE.

"Great gimlets!" exclaimed Cheyenne Charlie, as he ducked to avoid the falling pieces that flew from the shattered house. "They sartinly directed their fire at this here buildin', an' no mistake."

"Right you are, Charlie," came from the young deadshot, who did not once lose his coolness. "We have got to look out for these people, and that's all there is to it. It strikes me that the Germans are coming right on through, evidently for the purpose of making a countercharge from the rear."

The boy quickly dismounted and ran to the girl and her parents, who were upon the ground, kneeling as if in prayer.

Fortunately neither of them had been hurt, for they had been just about far enough away to escape the flying fragments.

The shell had hit pretty well upon the other side of the house, and though it was all but demolished, part of the ground floor was still intact.



But there was really no chance of any part of the structure being saved, for it was already in flames.

The thought of losing all he had, and possibly his life, too, caused the farmer to become hysterical, and this certainly had anything but a good effect upon his wife and daughter.

Wild tried to talk with them both in French and German, but they could not understand him.

Anyhow, they were too excited and terrified to listen.

"Boys, there is only one thing for us to do," he said, turning to Charlie and Jim; "it is our duty to get these people to a place of safety, for it strikes me that it won't be very long before this place will be swarming with German soldiers. They have broken through, and they will keep right on coming, unless the Allies are reinforced upon the left or right. We'll get them away from here as quickly as possible. I'll leave it to you two to try and save something before the house is burned to ashes. I'll try and induce them to go over to the barn."

Charlie and Jim did not need to be told a second time what they should do.

Leaving their horses standing, they rushed into the wrecked house, and soon began carrying forth whatever they could lay hands upon that they thought would be of immediate value to the unfortunate people who had lately occupied it.

Wild knew he had no easy task before him, so he went straight to the farmer, who was kneeling upon the ground and raving away at a great rate, and, picking him up bodily, threw him over his shoulder as easily as if he had been a bag of grain.

"Follow me," he said to the woman and girl, as he pointed toward the barn, and then he started off at a quick walk.

The two looked at him in consternation for a moment, and then, after turning to see what Charlie and Jim were doing, they hurried along, and before they got to the barn the girl insisted upon helping to carry her father.

But Wild motioned her to go on and open the door, which was soon done.

Surprising as it may seem, all three of them seemed to return to their proper senses, though they were still frightened over the disaster that had befallen them.

The young deadshot dropped the old man over gently upon a pile of straw, and then took a look about the interior.

He found that the barn was pretty well stocked with hay and grain, and he could hear horses at the other side of the partition.

Motioning the woman and girl to remain in the barn, he went on out and quickly came to a stable door, which he opened.

There were three stalls there, and each was occupied by a well-fed working horse.

"I reckon this isn't so bad," he muttered. "If there are horses here there must be a wagon somewhere."

Leaving the stable door open, he looked a little further, and soon saw a big farm-wagon which was under a shed.

"I reckon I'll hitch up," he said. "It won't be the first time I have done it, though the harness of this country may puzzle me a bit."

But he soon found that it was quite easy, and in less than ten minutes he led out two of the horses with the harness upon them, and soon hitched them to the wagon.

There was no need of leaving the other horse there, he thought, so he untied the halter, and taking it out, tied it to a tree so it might be led along when the farmer drove away, which he intended he should do.

While the young deadshot was engaged in this business Wild and Charlie were removing some of the contents of the house, which was now burning fiercely.

As if they feared to disobey him, Wild saw that the family was still in the barn, where he had motioned them to remain.

Having everything in readiness for their departure, he drove out the team and went straight to the house.

"Throw in some of that stuff, boys," he said, as he made a turn and brought the horses to a halt.

"Thunder!" exclaimed the scout, as he looked up and saw the wagon. "All ready to move, eh?"

"Yes, but not all that stuff you have been carrying out. Throw in some of the clothing and provisions. I see you have plenty of both there."

"That's what we went after, Wild," Jim spoke up. "But we thought it would be a shame to have the furniture burned."

"No room for much furniture here, unless it is bedding."

"We couldn't get upstairs, for the building is in flames there."

"Very well. They'll have to go without the bedding, then."

Waiting until they had thrown into the wagon what he though was sufficient, Wild drove on back to the barn.

There sat the three unfortunates, shivering in fear.

"Come on," the boy said, motioning for them to come out. Tremblingly they did so.

He pointed to the wagon and gave a nod, and then the girl promptly assisted her mother to get in.

Charlie and Jim came along in time to help her in afterward, and then the farmer was also assisted.

Wild put him on the front seat and, placing the reins in his hand, pointed off toward the town.

Though somewhat bewildered, he received an assuring nod, and then off went the outfit, the horses going at a sharp trot.

"By jingo, boys!" the young deadshot exclaimed, as he turned and looked at the horse he had left tied to the tree. "I meant to tie that horse behind the wagon."

"That's all right; I'll mighty soon git him there, Wild," Charlie answered, as he ran to the spot and quickly untied the halter.

Then he led the animal back to his own horse, and, mounting, started off with the wagon.

He did not have to ride more than a couple of hundred yards before he had succeeded in coming up to the wagon and tying the horse.

Then he came riding back to where Wild and Jim were waiting for him.

"What now, Wild?" he asked, looking questioningly at the young deadshot.

"Back to the top of that hill, so we can get a look at what is going on," was the reply.

Off the three went at a gallop, and soon they were once more at the top of the hill from which they had taken their observation a short time before.

No more shells were coming that way, but the rattling of rifles was terrific.

The big breach that had been made in the center of the French forces had widened somewhat, and as many as three thousand of the German soldiers, both infantry and cavalry, were coming slowly, almost directly, toward the burning house.

A withering fire was kept up on the right by the brave Belgians, while away off to the left the English were closing in as if in an effort to force back the advancing Germans.

"That army is bound to come right through the open, Wild," Jim said, after taking a look with the glass.

He referred to the English forces, and the young deadshot was forced to admit that he was right, though he felt sure that it would matter little to the occupants.

"A whole lot better for them to ride through the town than the Germans, I reckon," he said.

"Oh, yes. It is hardly likely they will do any damage in their rush to get up this way."

Then Wild took another look, and when he saw a whole corps of the Kaiser's army suddenly break into view from behind a stretch of woods, he knew right away that the farmer would be intercepted.

It seemed that the English did not know how close the Germans were, for on they came with a rush, the infantrymen in the lead and on a run.

Back of them came a long line of cavalry, one division being composed of Highlanders and the Royal Irish Lancers.

The Germans quickly formed into line, and down they crouched at the edge of a gully that was close to the woods.

It was less than a mile from the spot where our friends were watching, so they had a pretty good view.

After what seemed to be a rather long time, though it really was but a few minutes, the first of the English column broke through the woods.

Before they could even attempt to draw out into lines, the Germans opened fire upon them.

Then ensued one of the greatest battle-scenes that had ever been witnessed by Young Wild West and his partners.

For over half an hour the fighting went on fiercely.

Charge after charge was made by the British cavalry, but each time they were driven back, for the gully prevented them from reaching the foe.

But reinforcements were coming, and while our friends yet lingered upon the hill top a whole brigade suddenly appeared and rounded off to the right.

"Boys, I reckon we had better get out of this," the young deadshot said, with a shrug of the shoulders. "The end of that division is going to swoop right around here, and if we don't look out we'll be hemmed in."

"How about the farmer and his wife an' daughter, Wild?" Charlie asked.



"I don't know. But I'm sure they couldn't proceed to the town. Probably the man had sense enough to turn off to the left. If he didn't he should have done so, anyhow."

Certainly a big transformation had occurred since our friends rode away from the inn.

At that time the fighting was being done from the trenches on both sides.

But the successful advance through the center of the Allies had enabled the Germans to encroach for at least three miles upon their territory, and now it was a sort of mixture, for there were regiments of soldiers in between the lines of the enemy in both cases.

This meant that unless something very clever was done by both sides, each of the forces would be shooting at the other unintentionally.

Wild took another look with the glass and satisfied himself that his conjecture was right, and that the best thing they could do was to get away from the spot.

Then he gave the word, and they all rode along a stretch of high ground and soon reached the broad highway that ran directly to the town.

But it would not be good policy for them to go that way, for the bullets that were being fired by both sides would go a long distance, and they could hardly expect anything else than to be shot.

They were forced to ride on through Namur, and wait until they came to a road that would lead them well out of range of the shooting.

After riding a couple of miles they came to a canal, with the river flowing but a short distance from it.

As they paused and looked up and down they saw a big force of French soldiers working with picks and shovels.

"What in thunder are they up to?" Cheyenne Charlie asked, in surprise.

"I can't say exactly," Wild answered, with a shake of the head. "But it rather strikes me that they mean to flood the trenches the Allies have been forced to vacate. If you remember, the ground is quite low back there, and if that water is turned that way it won't take long before they will make a regular lake of it."

"That's just what they're up to, I'll bet!" Jim exclaimed.

"That bein' the case," Charlie said, with a shake of the head, "if there's a whole lot of water in this blamed canal, it won't only fill up them trenches along there, but it will keep right on goin' down-hill into the valley, an' then what will become of the town we're stayin' at?"

"By jingo, Charlie! You're right," the young deadshot said, as he turned and looked back at the gradual slope they had been ascending. Beyond the top of that hill from which we took our observations the valley starts, and it runs on all the way to the little mountains that overlook Soree."

"And those little mountains, as you call them, Wild, would back up the water, and the whole town would soon be flooded."

"That's right. But maybe it won't be as bad as all that. The chances are they won't let any more than enough water from the canal to accomplish what they desire."

Not caring to go very close to the soldiers who were so hard at work digging, Wild decided to follow the road along and then get back to the inn as quickly as possible.

But he was very anxious to learn what had become of the farmer and his wife and daughter, and, hoping that the man had been wise enough to turn to the left, he gave the word and then the three went galloping along the road which they knew would eventually lead them into Soree.

## CHAPTER V.

### IN THE NICK OF TIME.

While Young Wild West and his partners were riding in a roundabout way in order to keep out of range of the firing, the English reinforcements were doing wonderful work.

The Germans now occupied the trenches that had been vacated by the Allies, and with the heavy force that had been ranged along the gully for over a mile they established a front that was formidable, to say the least.

The repeated charges of the English cavalry having been repulsed, it was quite enough to cheer them when the brigade came to their assistance.

The new arrivals seemed to understand the situation, and after the general in command had consulted with the chief officer who had been directing the movements against the enemy, he swung off to the right and quickly assumed a

position that was almost directly behind the force that were using the gully to shield themselves.

Then a withering fire was poured into their rear, and the result was that they quickly withdrew, leaving innumerable dead and dying upon the field.

All the way to the trenches they were driven, but once they got there and were crowded in, their fire became so hot that the British halted and waited for the Gatling guns and howitzers to be drawn up.

Shells were bursting continually, but it was seldom that any great damage was done to life or limb, since the Allies could not seem to get the range, while the Germans were handicapped with the work of drawing up their artillery and getting it into action.

Such was the condition of affairs when Wild and his partners came in sight of the English soldiers who had arrived since they left Soree.

They had heard the awful firing, but were not aware of the fact that reinforcements had arrived to help the Allies until now.

"Boys," the young deadshot said, as he reined in his sorrel stallion about half a mile from the English lines, "this is somewhat surprising. 'I wonder where all those fellows came from? Surely they must have appeared very quickly. I wasn't aware that there were so many of the English in the neighborhood."

"They got here all right, anyhow, Wild," Charlie answered, with a shake of the head. "The Germans sartinly had the Allies goin', an' no mistake. They drove 'em from the trenches, an' now they're in 'em, an' most likely they'll hold 'em for a while. But this new gang sartinly must have been gittin' in some great work. It will be a bloody battle afore it's over with, an' you kin bet."

"It certainly will, Charlie, unless they are driven from the trenches. You saw what was going on up at the canal."

"Oh, yes, I ain't forgot that, Wild. If they once start that water runnin' into the holler them trenches will fill up in no time. Then, of course, the Kaiser's gang will have to light out for dry land."

"And while they're doing that the artillery will get in its work for fair," Jim Dart added.

Wild was now more anxious than ever to get back to the town.

He was not quite sure that the Germans might not have advanced there, and if such was the case the girls might be in jeopardy, for he had learned since the war started that soldiers very often got drunk after a city or town was captured, and became more like beasts than anything else.

While he knew pretty well that the Germans were not given greatly to this sort of thing, sometimes men would lose control of themselves, and there was no telling just what might happen.

"Boys," he said, nodding to his two partners, "I reckon we have got to get through the lines. It will be a delay of half an hour if we are compelled to ride all the way around to the end of the line. We'll go on and see what we can do. I rather reckon that the general's letter which I have in my pocket will be sufficient to enable us to get through."

"Might as well try it, anyhow," the scout answered.

"Come on, then," and off they went down the road straight, for the rear lines of the British forces, which stretched diagonally across the highway and extended fully half a mile in either direction.

Quite naturally the three Americans were halted as they rode up.

A rear-guard was there, and it was their duty to permit no one to pass without becoming satisfied that they should do so.

Wild singled out a lieutenant and quickly explained matters to him, of course showing him the papers he had.

The lieutenant was very courteous, and quickly told them to follow him to an officer who was higher up.

This individual was soon found, and then, after listening to what Wild had to say, and looking over a couple of the papers, he nodded approvingly, and said:

"You certainly can pass through, for this is satisfactory to me. But," and he shook his head, "you don't know what you may have to contend with in your effort to reach Soree. It is only two or three miles from here, I know, but we don't know what the Germans have been doing all this time. A little piece of forest off in that direction may hide a whole lot."

"Don't your scouts keep you informed upon what is going on?"

"Oh, yes; but it happens that I am not getting information



from the scouts directly. My orders come from my colonel, and he gets his from the general in command."

"I see," and the young deadshot gave a nod. "But that's all right, captain," he added, with a smile. "We'll chance it, anyhow."

Then it occurred to him to inquire about the farmer.

"Did you see anything of a wagon going along this highway lately?" he asked.

"Personally, I didn't; but it was reported that a farm-wagon was seen proceeding with the horses at a gallop just before we arrived here. A man and two women were in the wagon."

"Good! They have got away, then, boys," and Wild turned and nodded to his partners.

The officer looked at him questioningly, so the boy felt it necessary to relate briefly how the house had been destroyed by bursting bombs, and the flight of the owner with his wife and daughter.

"I trust they escaped all right," the captain said. "Probably they have been met by a regiment of the Belgians, who are due here at any moment now to join in the flank movement upon the enemy."

Wild knew it was quite possible that they would be stopped two or three times before they got all the way through the lines, so he asked the captain if he would not send a man with them, so matters might be hurried on a little.

The request was granted, and with a sergeant the three now rode slowly along, and in about five minutes were at the very front, where there really was considerable danger, since an occasional shell landed somewhere about.

But the road veered to the left, and, satisfied that they would quickly get out of range of the German firing, Wild thanked the sergeant and then, with Charlie and Jim, started off at a gallop.

"Only a couple of miles now, boys, and we'll be at the town—just the other side of that woods, if I am correct in my judgment," the young deadshot said, as he pointed ahead.

For about a mile they rode along without meeting any one.

Then suddenly they heard a series of shots a little to the right and in the woods.

Probably fifty shots were fired, and then yells of fear sounded, and all became quiet.

The curiosity of the young deadshot was aroused, and, without hesitating a moment, he turned and rode in the direction the sounds had come from, Charlie and Jim following him closely.

Two minutes later they reached the woods, and then, after riding a short distance, they came to a little hollow and saw a somewhat startling scene.

There was the farm-wagon Wild had hitched the horses to in order to get the homeless three to a place of safety with about a dozen German soldiers about it.

The horses that had been drawing the wagon were dead upon the ground, and as our three friends dashed upon the scene they saw the farmer and his wife and daughter crouching in the wagon.

The mother and daughter were in a state of terror, but it seemed that the man had become desperate, for he was gripping an axe, and every time one of the soldiers came close enough he would swing viciously at him.

But that was not all.

Three English soldiers stood disarmed, with two Germans guarding them.

Naturally the soldiers looked when they heard the horses coming toward them, and when they got a good look at the riders they certainly must have been surprised.

A combined shout went up as Wild and his partners reined in their horses within a few feet of the group.

"What's the trouble here?" the young deadshot called out, as coolly as if he had simply interrupted a picnic.

As he spoke in his native tongue, the three English prisoners started violently, and then one of them quickly answered:

"These fellows must have got cut off from their command, and meeting these Belgians, who were trying to make their escape, they shot the horses and stopped them. There were five of us who were scouting in this vicinity, and when we saw what was going on we came to the rescue. There are only three of us left now, and you can see our condition. We are prisoners."

"This is too bad. I don't call this warfare at all," the young deadshot answered.

But a big German sergeant, his brow as dark as a thunder cloud, now stepped up, and shaking his sword threateningly at our three friends, exclaimed:

"Surrender! You are spies!"

"You are dead wrong there, my friend," the young deadshot answered in German. "Just you wait a minute and I'll mighty soon convince you. I don't mind telling you that I am a friend of your great Kaiser."

There was a burst of coarse laughter at this, and more of them came forward, and soon our friends were completely surrounded.

It seemed that the farmer took courage at this, for he suddenly swung his axe fiercely, letting it go from him.

It caught one of the soldiers a glancing blow upon the shoulder and felled him to the ground.

Then the man, who was almost frenzied, seized the lines and actually tried to start the team going, probably hardly being aware that the horses had been slain when the attack was made.

It was indeed pitiful to see the way he acted when he found he could not get away with his family.

Thinking that the soldier had been killed, the German sergeant made a leap with uplifted sword, certainly intending to put an end to the farmer instantly.

But Young Wild West was not going to permit anything like that.

Quick as a flash he drew his revolver, and then taking a quick aim, he pulled the trigger.

Crack!

The bullet struck the sword close to the handle and shattered the blade.

"None of that, my friend," Wild said, in his cool and easy way, at the same time pointing the revolver directly at the fellow. "I want you to understand that I am an American, and as this is not real warfare, but simply a bit of fiendish work, I am going to stop it. You hear what I say? Now then, you order your men to get back into line, or I'll put a bullet through your heart."

If a shell had burst in their midst the soldiers could not have been more astounded.

The deadly revolver in the hand of the American boy certainly looked as dangerous to them at that moment as if they were standing before the muzzle of a big Krupp gun.

Surely the sergeant thought that way, anyhow, for his mouth opened, and then, as he looked at his broken sword, he said:

"What is this?"

"You heard what I said, sergeant," Wild answered, as he quickly dismounted and left the horse standing. "You were going to kill that man because he threw an axe at one of those who was terrifying his wife and daughter. I broke your sword with a bullet. You know that much, don't you?"

"Who are you?"

"I was just going to tell you when you ran from me with the intention of killing that man. Now, then, if you will listen I'll explain who I am, and you'll mighty soon apologize for the way you have acted."

Wild never once lowered the revolver.

The sergeant was actually trembling now, for he seemed to realize that if the American could shoot straight enough to break the blade of his sword, he surely would be able to put a bullet through his heart.

He gave a command for his men to form in line, and they were not long in doing it.

They drew up directly behind their three prisoners, who now seemed to be more at their ease.

"Jim," Wild said, without taking his gaze from the face of the sergeant, "you just come here and keep this fellow covered, while I give him the proof of who and what we are. If one of the soldiers attempts to even draw a weapon, shoot the sergeant dead."

"Right you are, Wild," Dart answered, as he quickly dismounted and hastened to the spot.

He had already drawn his revolver, so quickly leveling it at the German officer, he nodded, and said:

"Now then, you just listen to what is said to you."

The sergeant was now resigned to whatever fate that was in store for him.

He looked at his line of men, and then, after shrugging his shoulders, nodded to Wild and told him to go ahead.

"All right, my friend," the young deadshot answered, smilingly. "I thought you would wake up after a while."

Then he dropped his revolver into the holster, and quickly produced the paper which he knew must certainly have the desired effect.

"Just read that, sergeant," he said, as he held it before the eyes of the officer.

One glance at the royal seal upon the document caused him to give a violent start.



There was no mistaking the seal, and it seemed to act magically.

"My friend," Wild said, looking at him smilingly, "I told you that I was a friend of the Kaiser. If such was not the case he surely would not give me such a document as that. I don't mind telling you that it was I who carried the Crown Prince from the battlefield down near Verdun some little time ago. My name is Young Wild West, and I am the proprietor of the big show that is now in camp near Berlin. I have to say this thing so many times that I am actually getting tired of it. But I suppose it is now necessary, since the existing circumstances certainly demand it."

Probably the German sergeant might have suspected that the boy had obtained the document in an unlawful way and really was a spy.

He spoke to his men in German, explaining briefly what the paper was, and who the Americans were, and then he stepped back and saluted Wild, after which he did the same to Charlie and Jim.

All this time the woman and the girl were sitting up in the wagon, looking upon what was taking place as if they could hardly believe the evidence of their own eyes.

The farmer was cowering in the wagon, his face buried in his hands as if he thought all was lost to him.

"Sergeant," said Wild, after waiting a minute or two, "I reckon these people can go on now. How about it?"

"They are prisoners" was the reply, with a shake of the head.

"What do you want to take non-combatants prisoners for? You ought to know pretty well that you are hemmed in here and can't possibly get back to the German lines. In a few minutes you will be a prisoner yourself, or else dead. A big Belgian command is advancing directly this way, as I happen to know."

At this the face of the officer paled.

"Whether I am right or wrong, I shall do as you say," he said, speaking slowly. "I must get back to the trenches."

"You know the direction to go, then, so if I were you I would be off before it is too late."

No doubt it was one of the most wonderful things the German soldiers had ever met with.

The interference of the three Americans had changed the whole order of things.

But it seemed to make them all realize that they were in jeopardy, for they had split off from the main body of advancing Germans only to find themselves hemmed in at the edge of the woods, with no chance of joining their command.

But they had so far forgotten themselves as to make war upon three defenseless non-combatants, and the interference of the five British soldiers had incensed them so that the probabilities are they would have made a massacre of it if not for the opportune arrival of Young Wild West and his partners.

But that was all changed now.

Their lust for blood had vanished, and they were now getting panic-stricken and eager to get away.

"You had better go," Wild said, pointing back into the woods. "Your army lies over that way. It is only about two or three miles, I reckon."

The sergeant quickly gave a salute, and then made his way to his horse, which he mounted.

Then he gave the command, and his men mounted also.

It seemed that they had not met with any loss at all in the little scrimmage with the five English soldiers, and they rode away in a desperate attempt to get back to their own lines, leaving the three British soldiers they had taken prisoners at liberty.

## CHAPTER VI.

### BACK IN SOREE.

Young Wild West waited until the German cavalrymen had disappeared in the woods, and then he turned to those in the wagon, and said:

"I am sorry your horses were shot. But I reckon we can manage to get you into the town."

The girl and her mother looked at him hopefully and nodded, but the reply they made was in the Belgian tongue, and Young Wild remembered that he could not make himself understood to them.

He walked around the wagon, and seizing the farmer by the shoulder caused him to lift his head immediately.

"Come on," the boy said, motioning for him to get out. After looking around and for the first time seeing that

the Germans were no longer there, the man seized the young deadshot by the hand and shook it, at the same time giving vent to his thanks in his own language.

"That's all right, my friend," Wild said, as he pulled away his hand. "You have got to hoof it into the town now. Your horses are dead, so you'll have to leave the wagon here."

The farmer got out of the wagon, and then his wife and daughter did the same.

Then the young deadshot made them understand that they should take what they could conveniently carry from the wagon, and proceed on foot.

"Now," said Wild, as he turned to the three scouts who were waiting in silence, "I reckon you can go on about your business. Where are your horses?"

"All of them ran away. After we got into the fight here we were forced to dismount in an effort to save those people who were in the wagon," one of them answered.

"Maybe you had better go and look for your horses, then. I reckon you'll have a pretty good chance to find them, for certainly there will be no more German cavalrymen around this way for a little while, anyhow."

"We have you to thank for saving our lives," one of them said, fervently, as he seized the boy's hand with both his own. "Kindly tell us who you are and what you are doing here."

"I will do that quickly enough, if you don't understand what I was saying to the sergeant a little while ago."

"None of us can understand German. But I remember of hearing you say something about Wild West."

"Yes, that's right. My name is Young Wild West, and our big Wild West Show is in camp near Berlin. We are Americans, you know."

"Yes, I understood that much when you were talking to the German sergeant."

"I reckon that's about all there is to it, then. Now then, go and find your horses and get back and report."

All three shook hands with him, and then did the same to Charlie and Jim.

They told them they hoped the three Belgians would find safety in the town which was so near at hand, and then started off through the woods to search for their horses.

As if they felt duty-bound to await further orders from the American boy, the three refugees were standing near the wagon, the bundles they had quickly made in their hands.

If the distance had not been so short Wild would have permitted them to get on the horses with him and his partners.

But he knew they could easily walk.

He motioned for them to go on out of the woods to the road, and then, as they did so, he nodded to Charlie and Jim, and said:

"Now then, boys, I suppose we'll have to ride along at a walk the rest of the way. This certainly has been something that could hardly be expected to happen. But I am glad we came along in time to save these people."

"We didn't only save the farmer an' his wife an' gal, but them three soldiers, too," Charlie answered, shaking his head gravely. "Too bad we didn't come along in time to save them other two."

He pointed to the two bodies that lay upon the ground.

"We were lucky to render as much service as we did, I think," Jim spoke up. "But probably the Germans would have let these fellows go, anyhow, for they must have known that they would stand no chance of taking them back to their own lines. I hardly believe they'll ever get there alive."

"Very doubtful," Wild declared. "But if they had attempted to take the prisoners with them, and found they were being cut off, they certainly would have put an end to them."

"It's all right as it is," Charlie said, smiling grimly. "We're helpin' along all we kin, anyhow, an' we ain't on one side or the other. This business ain't war, not what happened a little while ago. That's what I call the sort of work that outlaws an' renegades is up to in the part of the country where we come from."

"Pretty near to it, Charlie," and so saying Wild started along after the three refugees.

They were barely upon the road when the blaring of bugles sounded the other side of a hill on the left.

Then the sounds made by galloping horses came to their ears.

"Must be the force of Belgians coming, boys," Wild said, nodding to his partners. "I reckon to save a further delay we had better hurry a little."

He rode up behind the three on foot ahead of them, and



commanded them to start on a run, which they lost no time in doing.

Just as they got to a bend in the road a large force of cavalry came over the top of the hill.

But Wild knew they could hardly be seen, so he urged them all to a faster pace, and were quickly out of sight.

It seemed that they would be put to no further danger or trouble in delivering the refugees safely into Soree, for they did not meet a solitary person the rest of the way, and when they rode into the town they found considerable excitement prevailing there, but no signs of any troops save a division of British cavalry that had come there to await orders.

Having lived so near the town, it was not strange that the farmer was acquainted with many who resided there.

He was quickly recognized by some of the frightened people, who seemed to think the best place for them was upon the street, and, having found some one they could talk to, the three unfortunates paused to relate what had befallen them.

Wild and his partners brought their horses to a halt, and it was not long before they were surrounded by an admiring crowd.

Certainly the farmer was landing them to the skies for what they had done for him and his wife and daughter.

It was yet fully half a mile to the inn and, anxious to get there, Wild forced his horse up close to the three and told them to go on.

It was his intention to find quarters for them at the inn, even though he had to pay the bill for a day or two.

An old man who could converse fluently in French was soon made to understand what the boy wanted.

Then he quickly translated it to the farmer, who promptly gave a shout of joy.

The fact was he was trying to find some one who would take them in, but so far nobody had shown an inclination to do it.

When he once had them started toward the inn the young deadshot and his partners rode on down the street, still keeping their horses at a walk.

Before they arrived at their destination they were met by an English lieutenant, who, with his face wreathed in smiles, called out:

"Young Wild West, I believe?"

"That's me," the young deadshot answered, looking at him in surprise, for he failed to remember of having met the man before.

"I knew it from the description," was the reply. "What have you been up to now, you adventurous American?"

"Having quite a little adventure, I suppose, lieutenant. We took a ride out to see what was going on, and it happened that we were able to render a little assistance to these three people, who had their house destroyed by the shells from the Germans."

"Yes, an' we done a mighty good turn for three soldier fellers of your kind, too," Cheyenne Charlie spoke up, for he felt bound to let him know all about it.

"What is that?" the lieutenant asked, looking at him sharply.

"Wild will tell you all about it, I reckon."

Then it fell to the lot of the young deadshot to briefly recount the happenings since they set out from the village that afternoon.

"This is indeed great," the lieutenant declared. "I shall report this to the colonel in command of our regiment, and certainly you can rest assured that it will go further, Young Wild West."

"That's all right" was the smiling reply. "We are neutral as far as the war is concerned, but we never let an opportunity slip when we can do something to help one who is in need. Now then, if you will please excuse me, I'll go on to the hotel we are stopping at, for there are those there who are waiting for us, and are no doubt anxious for us to return."

"Certainly."

But he insisted upon writing down the names of Charlie and Jim, and then, after saluting, turned to go back to his post of duty.

A few minutes later the young deadshot and his partners arrived at the inn with the Belgian refugees, quite a crowd following them.

The girls came out the moment they rode up, and for the next five minutes they were kept busy in answering questions and recording what had happened during the time they were away.

Julian Merseman, the inn-keeper, willingly took in the farmer and his family, and when Wild spoke to him about

paying for their accommodations, he waved both hands and declared that he would not accept anything from him.

"It is my duty to help the people of my country, and since I still have plenty, it would be an insult almost for any one not of my own nationality to offer pay in such a case as this," he said.

"You are patriotic, all right, Mr. Merseman," Wild said, smilingly. "But I reckon you can afford it all right, so let it go that way for a while. It is to be hoped that the trouble in this vicinity will soon be at an end, so things may go on smoothly again. But say, I am happy to say that we met your son."

"My son!" and the man gave a start and looked at him as if he was not sure he heard aright.

"Yes, your son. He is a cavalryman."

"Yes, I know. But I didn't think he was near here."

"He was away to the north with his regiment, but it has come down this way to help drive back the Germans, and, of course, he is with them."

The inn-keeper called his wife, and then Wild was forced to tell them all about the meeting with the young cavalryman.

When they learned that they might soon expect him home, if only for a brief time, the couple were so delighted that they actually hugged the young deadshot.

Not satisfied with this, the woman turned to do the same to Cheyenne Charlie.

But he good-naturedly pushed her aside and, pointing to Jim, said:

"He kin stand it a little better than I kin. I'm a little too old for sich business as that. Besides, I've got a gal here what kin tend to all that kind of business."

This remark caused a laugh, and when it was translated to the woman she joined in quite heartily.

When Wild finally got away from them he walked outside with Arietta, and then he spoke of the little bit of romance that was connected with the adventure of the afternoon.

"Oh," Arietta said, her face lighting up. "That is what I call nice, Wild. But it's too bad that the poor girl is without a home. I do hope the soldier who took such a risk in coming to bid her farewell will come back safe and sound."

"We all hope that, little girl. But it seems as if he has about an even chance, by the way things are going. There has been a terrible loss of life already this very day, and who can tell but that this soldier might be among the dead? But say, where is Hop?"

"I haven't seen him since you went away right after dinner."

It seemed that the young deadshot was not the only one who thought of Hop just then, for Cheyenne Charlie came along, and in a puzzled sort of way said:

"I've looked around for the heathen, but he ain't nowhere to be found, Wild. Most likely he's up to somethin'."

"Probably," was the reply.

"Well, he ain't back by the stable anywhere. I seen that little fat feller, an' I managed to git enough from him to know that he ain't seen Hop in over two hours. Here it is well-nigh toward five o'clock. I wonder what's become of him?"

"Anxious about him, eh, Charlie?"

"I may as well say I am. S'pose he's got into trouble?"

"Not at all unlikely. I reckon you had better go and look for him."

"That's jest what I was thinkin', an' you kin bet your life I'll do it right away."

Without saying another word, Charlie hurried away.

The inn-keeper was too busy to give him any information if he had been able to do it, so Charlie began making inquiries among the idlers who were hanging about the vicinity.

After trying three or four times with no success, he found a man who could speak French about as well as he could himself, and, after quite an exchange of questions and answers, he learned that the Chinaman had been seen going over toward the spot where the regiment of cavalry had halted.

Charlie gave a nod, and then, without thanking his informant, he promptly set out for the place.

Not knowing just how long he might have to remain there with his troopers, the officer in command had made his quarters in an unoccupied house about half a mile from the inn.

It was not necessary for the scout to inquire the way, for he could see that some of the cavalrymen were strolling about, and walking up to one of them he inquired about the missing Chinaman.

The cavalryman grinned broadly, and said:



"Yes, I saw him. I think you will find him in the store straight up this street on the left."

"All right. I allowed that he might be in trouble. He's such a blamed reckless heathen that you can't tell what will happen to him."

"Reckless, you say? Why, he appeared to be very civil like."

"Oh, yes. He kin be that way when he wants to. Didn't want to play cards with you or chuck dice, or anything like that, did he?"

The cavalryman answered in the negative, and after thinking a moment said:

"May I go with you?"

"Sartinly. Come on. What's your name?"

"Atkins, sir."

"It ain't Tommy Atkins, is it? That's what I heard some one call the British soldiers."

"No, Tommy ain't my name. It's John. What's yours?"

"Cheyenne Charlie is my name. I was born in old Cheyenne. But it ain't likely you know where that place is."

The man confessed that he did not, but seemed to be more than pleased at the acquaintance he had made with the typical American, as he soon declared Charlie to be.

As they were walking along the scout gave him a glowing description of Cheyenne of the present and what it was at the time he was born there.

The Englishman was greatly interested.

"A bloomin' fine place it must be," he said, as they were nearing the store he said the Chinaman would be found at.

"Things bloom putty well there in the summer-time, I reckon," and Charlie grinned broadly.

The store, as far as the outside appearance went, seemed to be one where groceries and provisions were sold.

There was no one about it at all, and the door being shut, it struck the scout that it might be closed.

"You think he's in there, do you?" he said to his companion, as they walked up to the door.

"I ain't sure. But I think he is," was the reply. "You know," and he lowered his voice and winked, "there is something else besides groceries sold in this bloomin' store."

"Whisky, maybe?"

"Yes, and beer, too, and wine, plenty of it. There's a big back room, and a cellar, too."

"That's where the heathen is, then. Come on in."

"But I ain't supposed to be seen goin' into a place where liquor is sold," and the cavalryman hesitated.

"You have got time off now, ain't you?" the scout asked.

"Yes, but I mustn't go out of hearing, so in case the bugle-call is sounded I could hurry back and report."

"That's all right. You come in with me. Maybe you feel like havin' a little drink yourself."

The man said he did feel that way, so the scout quickly turned the knob of the door and started to go into the store.

The sounds of revelry fell upon his ears instantly, and with a satisfied smile, he waited until the cavalryman came in and closed the door.

Several men were singing, as the two could understand right away, while others were talking and shouting, making quite a hub-bub.

There was no one in the store, so Charlie went right on through, and coming to a door, tried to open it.

But it was locked.

"I told you so," the Englishman said. "They're selling liquor in the room back there, but the man must be afraid it will be stopped by our colonel. A bloomin' fine joke this is, for I'll bet some of our men are in there."

"We'll git in all right," the scout answered, smiling grimly. "If they don't open the door for us I'll bust the blamed thing in. That's the way I do business."

Then he knocked loudly upon the door, and instantly all was quiet.

"Hey, there!" he called out, loudly. "Open the door. I want to git in."

Hurried footsteps were heard, and then the key grated in the lock.

Open swung the door, and before them stood Hop Wah, the clever Chinese.

"Come right in, Mister Charlie," he said, blandly. "Evelly-telling allee light. Haver biggee timee, so be."

The scout turned rather proudly to his companion and said:

"Now then, we'll have a little fun. Come on in."

Just then there was a clattering of hoofs outside, and with a start the cavalryman turned and looked toward the entrance.

"Hey!" he exclaimed excitedly. "They're after me. There's the colonel outside."

"You git right in here," and so saying the scout hustled him into the room and quickly closed and locked the door.

## CHAPTER VII.

### HOP LOOKS FOR FUN AND FINDS IT.

Hop Wah found it altogether too tame to hang about the quiet, old-fashioned inn.

While he had got on friendly terms with the little hostler after having played the joke upon him with the loaded cigar, he was not long in discovering that it would be useless to try and have any more fun with him.

The man was too suspicious of him for that, but was quite willing to drink all the tanglefoot the Chinaman would give him.

After hanging around and doing his best to find something that would interest him, the clever Chinese started to take a walk about the town.

He had not gone very far when the English troopers rode in and took their station in another part of the place.

Some of the occupants ran about excitedly, most of them showing delight, for they seemed to think that they would be better protected now in case of a German attack.

Hop picked up what he could about the unexpected arrival of the English, and then he decided to go over and have a talk with some of them.

The first one he approached proved to be a rather pugnacious corporal who was under-sized, but seemed to regard himself as if he were as high-standing as a commissioned officer.

When the Chinaman spoke to him politely he elevated his pug nose and said:

"Hi have no time to talk to a common 'eathen."

"Lat allee light, my friend," the Chinaman answered, not one bit abashed, for he rather liked the manner of the man. "You velly nicee Englishman. Me likee you velly muchee, so be."

"Huh!" and the little corporal drew himself up until he was nearly an inch taller. "You like me, do you? Why, you bloomin' 'eathen, you 'ave got some sense, so Hi-see."

"Me velly smartee Chineee. Maybe you likee havee lillee drink of tanglefoot."

"A little drink of what?" and the corporal showed no little surprise.

"Tanglefoot, allee samee Melican whisky, so be. Velly muchee goodee."

"Why, you bloomin' fool, you don't expect me to drink liquor while on duty, do you? The colonel has given orders that none of us must go into a place where it is sold."

"Lat allee light. Me gottee lillee tanglefoot light here," and Hop tapped the side of his blouse, indicating that it was in one of his pockets.

The corporal's face lighted up.

He had been stationed at the corner of a street, probably for the purpose of watching the men after they had dismounted and attended to their horses, for they were permitted to go about in the vicinity of the camp as they pleased, so long as they did not get far enough away to fail to hear the bugle when it sounded.

Hop called the man around the corner, and then produced a pint flask, which was nearly full of whisky.

"Lat allee samee Melican whisky," he declared. "Me callee tanglefoot. You likee velly muchee."

"A wee bit of a drop wouldn't hurt me, I'm sure," was the reply.

Then he removed the cork and took two or three big swallows.

"That's what I call bloomin' fine liquor," he declared, as he handed back the flask. "You are a much better 'eathen than Hi thought."

Hop took a swallow himself, and then started in to thinking how he could have some fun with the corporal.

He knew he would not smoke while on duty, so there was no use in giving him a loaded cigar.

Then again, he could not be led away from the corner very far, so he felt compelled to give up the idea for a while.

"Me takee lillee walk, so be," he said, as he started away.

"Wait a minute, my heathen friend," the corporal said, in a low tone of voice. "I'll pay you well if you will go and get me a bottle of liquor. I won't ask you for another taste of what you 'ave."



"Me go gittie velly muchee quicke," the Chinaman declared.

"All right. 'Tere is two shillin's. Get me a wee bit of a glass of liquor, and fetch it back to me and I'll thank you."

Hop accepted the money and declared that he would do as requested.

Then he set out to go back to the inn, for he did not know of any place nearer that he could make the purchase.

"Me fixee allee light," he said. "Me puttee plenty led peppee in um tanglefoot, and um lillee soldier coughsee velly muchee. Lat be um gleat joke, so be."

He turned in a street which he knew would bring him out to a corner that was not far distant from the inn, and as he was passing along he saw two soldiers hurriedly enter a grocery store, acting very much as if they were afraid they were being watched.

"Lat velly strange," the Chinaman muttered. "Me go in um store, too, so be."

He quickly followed them inside, and was just in time to see the soldiers being ushered into a rear room by a portly, red-faced man who was evidently the proprietor.

Without saying a word, but smiling in an innocent sort of way, the heathen hurried to the door.

But before he could enter the portly man seized him by the arm and said something in the Belgian tongue.

"Lat allee light," Hop explained. "Me allee samee Young Wild West's clever Chinese. Me Melican citizen, so be."

"Hello, there!" came from the inside. "What's that I hear? A Chinaman, as I live! Come here, John."

Then almost before Hop knew it a lanky man attired in a uniform of the English cavalry pounced upon him and almost lifted him into the room.

That was quite enough.

There were half a dozen more of them there, and all were drinking at tables.

The proprietor was somewhat disturbed, but when he saw the Chinaman sit down and take things coolly, he became somewhat reassured, and did not hesitate to serve him after the man who had pulled him inside so hurriedly explained what the order was.

Hop got a small flask filled for the two shillings.

"Lis for um lillee soldier whattee allee samee watchee," he explained to the lanky fellow.

"I know who you mean," was the reply. "The corporal who expects to be a sergeant some day. So he's after something to drink, is he?"

"Lat light," Hop answered. "Me fixee velly muchee quicke, so be. Me gottee plenty led peppee."

The lanky man quickly explained to the others, and then they all gathered about the Chinaman, who started in to tell them a wonderful story of how he had once tricked the emperor of China by putting a heavy dose of red pepper in his whisky.

They could not understand more than half of it, but it was enough to make them laugh heartily just the same.

All of them seemed to have money, so they kept insisting upon the Chinaman drinking with them.

But Hop was altogether too wise to take very much.

While he actually did like the taste of liquor a little too well, he knew that if Young Wild West came back and found him intoxicated it would be bad for him.

But being a clever magician, it was easy for him to make the soldiers think he was drinking all they gave him.

Finally he got something like a breathing spell, and then he produced the red pepper and doctored up the flask he was going to deliver to the corporal.

"Evveltyhing allee light now," he said. "Me go takee um tanglefoot to um soldier. Len me comee back velly muchee quicke."

Out he went, after being assured that he would have no trouble in getting in again, and soon he reached the corner where the corporal was doing guard duty.

"You got back, eh?" the little man asked, looking much pleased.

"Lat light. Me hully velly muchee quicke, so be. Me velly smartee Chinese."

"Did you get the bloomin' liquor?"

"Yes, me gottee allee light."

"Give it to me."

Hop quickly did so, the corporal taking pains to get the flask out of sight as soon as possible.

"You likee smollee cigar some timee?" the Chinaman asked, as he produced one and tendered it to him.

"Wop, yes. I'll smoke it to-night when I'm off duty."

"Allee light. Velly nicee cigar, so be. Allee samee Melican cigar."

"I've smoked Hamerican cigars, and they're bloomin' good, too."

Then the corporal pocketed the cigar, and Hop declared that he had important business, so moved away from the spot.

But he only went about a dozen yards, and then finding a convenient doorway, he slipped back into it and watched.

The corporal walked up and down two or three times, and then as if he found that he had a good opportunity, he came around the corner and producing the flask Hop had brought him, uncorked it and took a hearty pull from it.

Probably, he might have swallowed more than he did if the pepper had not begun to get in its work right away.

As it was, he got a goodly quantity, and then he gave a gasp and began coughing violently.

"Hip hi, hoolay!" cried the Chinaman, as he suddenly appeared before him. "Velly nicee day, so be. Dlink hearty, my fiend. Velly goodee tanglefoot."

He did not wait for his victim to get over the trick he had played upon him, but hastened back to the grocery store.

There was no one in the outer part of the store, and the door being open, he had no difficulty in entering.

When he got to the other door he knocked and attracted the attention of those inside, and then after letting them know who it was, he was admitted.

The same men were there as when he had left, only there had been two new arrivals, one of whom was a sergeant who had taken the risk of violating the military rules as laid down by the colonel.

Hop proved to be a great attraction to them all.

Round after round of drinks were served, the Chinaman making it appear that he was taking his share every time, but really he was disposing of it quietly in a box of sawdust that was upon the floor in lieu of a cuspidor.

Finally one of the cavalymen, who no doubt thought he was a good singer, started a rollicking song.

Others joined in, and forgetful of the fact that the noise might be heard to their disadvantage, they made quite a din.

The proprietor did not seem to mind it in the least, for he was taking in money all the time, and every now and then he would count it over.

Hop was watching him as he did this, and finally when there came a lull in the business he edged over to the man and said:

"Maybe you likee chuckee dice, so be."

The Belgian storekeeper did not understand him, but when the Chinaman showed him three dice, his face lighted up instantly.

Hop rattled the little cubes in his hands and rolled them out upon the table.

Then he took a silver coin from his pocket, and putting it on the table, said:

"We chuckee dicee, so be."

The storekeeper was game, and quickly enough he put up a like amount.

Hop rolled out the dice, and seven came up.

The Belgian laughed heartily, and then threw ten, beating Hop and winning the money.

But this was only a bait that Hop was giving him.

He quickly put up double the amount he had lost, and willingly enough the storekeeper covered it.

The dice were thrown by both, and the Belgian won again.

Two of the cavalymen who were not much interested in the singing came up and looked on.

Hop thought it about time to show what he could do.

He cleverly produced the trick dice he always carried, which looked exactly like the regular ones, only they contained but sixes and fives upon them in the way of spots.

The Belgian was willing to throw for a sum that was equivalent to an American dollar this time, and after the money was placed upon the table he rolled out the little dice, counting twelve.

"Lat allee light," Hop said, turning to the two Englishmen. "Me beatee lat thlow his timee. Me velly smartee Chinese."

He changed the dice right before the eyes of all of them, and then out they rolled, sixteen turning up.

This was an old trick he had, and whenever Young Wild West heard of him fleecing any one with the trick dice he always forced the Chinaman to give back the money he won.

But Young Wild West was not there, so Hop felt that he had a free rein.

He knew the storekeeper was making money then, and was by selling the cavalymen liquor when it was against the military rules.



Anyhow, he did not think it anything like a sin to win money by throwing dice, whether it was done fairly or not.

The storekeeper did not seem to be at all surprised at losing the third time he threw, and put up his money again.

From that time until a dozen rounds had been thrown by the two Hop wen steadily.

The storekeeper was forced to go to another part of the house to get more money.

But it happened that his wife got an inkling of what was going on, and quickly spoiled his plans.

When he came back he declared that he was through, so the Chinaman proceeded to spend his winnings by ordering drinks and cigars so fast that the Belgian was bewildered.

It was a high old time they were having, to be sure, and the afternoon passed rapidly enough.

Even though he was trying his best not to drink much, the clever Chinese was certainly becoming somewhat intoxicated, when suddenly he heard a knock on the door, and then the voice of Cheyenne Charlie.

Naturally he responded by unlocking the door and throwing it open.

But when the scout hustled his companion in so suddenly Hop was somewhat amazed.

"Whattée mattee, Misler Charlie?" he asked, as the scout quickly locked the door.

"Nothin' that will bother us a whole lot, Hop," was the reply. "But say, if this ain't a blamed fine-lookin' lot of men to do any fightin'. What's been goin' on here, anyhow?"

"Everybody dlinkee, Misler Charlie."

"Who are you?" demanded the sergeant, who was quite tipsy and ready for anything that came along.

"I'm Cheyenne Charlie, from old Cheyenne, as I've just told one of your pards. But see here, the first thing you know you'll all be in the guard-house. The colonel has found out what's goin' on in here, an' he's in the buildin' right now. Take my advice an' you'll git out of here in a hurry."

"That's right!" the man Charlie had hustled into the room exclaimed, excitedly. "We'll be caught, and we'll suffer for this."

But it seemed that the Belgian had explained about a cellar being beneath the building, and as soon as they realized that they were in danger of being discovered by the colonel, a trapdoor was opened and they all piled into the cellar, leaving Hop and Charlie alone in the room, with the storekeeper outside.

"Set down, heathen," the scout said, as he moved a table over the trapdoor. "There ain't no use in gittin' these soldiers into trouble. We'll just make out that we're here alone havin' a little time all to ourselves."

Loud voices could be heard outside now, and presently a heavy knock came upon the door.

"What's wantin'?" Charlie said, as he arose and quickly turned the key in the lock.

The door was pushed open so suddenly that he was almost knocked from his feet.

"Hey, there!" he called out, angrily. "I want you to understand that I'm an American citizen, an' I ain't goin' to be knocked around in any kind of fashion. What in thunder do you fellers want?"

The storekeeper looked in under the arm of the colonel, who was the one who had pushed so hard upon the door, and when he found that there was no one there but Hop and the scout, he gave utterance to a cry of joy, and then tried to explain that the intruders were doing him a great wrong by forcing an entrance into his place.

"Wilkins," the colonel said, ignoring the scout completely, "there is some mistake. Who was it that reported some of the men were here?"

"I don't know, sir," the cavalryman addressed answered, quickly. "You gave the order, sir, and we are here."

The dozen or more glasses upon the table, some of them being half filled, made it appear as if there had been quite a party there recently, and when he carefully surveyed the scene the colonel proceeded to make a search about the room, looking behind chairs and tables and in every nook and corner.

He asked the Belgian why so many glasses were there, and not knowing what else to do, the fellow replied by pointing to Charlie and Hop.

"Do you mean to say," the colonel asked, half angrily, as he looked the scout squarely in the eyes, "that you two have been using all those glasses?"

"Nothin' strange in that, is there," the scout retorted, just as sharply. "If you'll wait a minute I'll show you what all them glasses is for."

"You will, eh? Show me right away, then."

"Just keep your shirt on. Don't be in a hurry. You know

I once heard my grandmother say that a man died in a hurry once, an' he was always mighty sorry for it afterward."

"No nonsense," thundered the colonel, getting upon his dignity. "Just because you are travelling with an American show don't mean that you can be impudent to your superiors."

"Huh, superiors, eh? I reckon there ain't no Englishman, German, or Frenchman, nor any other kind of a feller what's my superior, when it comes right down to the dead level. But that's all right, colonel—I know that's what you are. I'll jest show you what there's so many glasses here for."

Then he quickly proceeded to gather up the glasses, and piling them upon a table at the further end of the room, stepped back and drew his revolver.

"Lat allee light, Misler Charlie," Hop whispered, as he stepped up close to him.

"I reckon it is," was the reply. "Now then, you git a firecracker ready, an' jest as I'm goin' to shoot you light it an' hold that door open. We're goin' to git out of here in a hurry."

There were four men with the colonel, no doubt his aides, and when they saw what the scout was about to do they remained perfectly silent.

Up went the revolver, and taking a quick aim, Charlie pulled the trigger.

Crack!

The glasses flew into fragments, or most of them, and then Hop Wah suddenly leaped forward, and butted the Belgian, who happened to be in his way, squarely in the stomach.

"Hip hi, hoolay! Come on, Misler Charlie," he called out.

The scout was not slow to obey, and just as he got half-way to the street door there was a loud report.

The Chinaman certainly had set off the firecracker.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE CRITICAL MOMENT IS NEAR.

Cheyenne Charlie and Hop Wah lost no time in getting back to the inn.

Hop not being in the best of condition to bear inspection, proceeded direct to the little room that had been assigned to him at the head of the stairway, while the scout quickly joined Wild, Jim and the girls, who were in the sitting-room.

"I found him," he said, as he went in, his face wreathed in smiles.

"Where is Hop?" Wild asked, as if he expected him to enter the room.

"Oh, I sent him up to bed. He's sorter tired out, you know. A little too much tanglefoot, I reckon."

"I think it a shame that he should make such a beast of himself," Anna spoke up, disgustedly. "That Chinaman will die a drunkard, that's sure."

"Never mind about that, gal," Charlie answered, with a shake of the head. "I reckon if you had been fixed the way he was you would have took a few drinks, too. He was in with a lot of soldiers what was half drunk, an' they kept forcin' the drinks on him. He——"

"Why, Charlie," his wife interrupted, "what do you make such a comparison as that for? I should do the same, eh?"

"Well, I wasn't meanin' that, gal. I jest wanted to say that Hop couldn't hardly help it for gittin' a little bit tipsy this afternoon. Now if you'll jest listen I'll tell you what happened, an' blamed if I don't think you'll laugh afore I'm done."

He proceeded to relate the happenings that occurred since he went out to search for Hop, and also what he had learned of the Chinaman's doings before that time.

"The same old thing," Wild said, with a shrug of the shoulders. "It's always red pepper, loaded cigars or firecrackers. I don't know what the heathen would do if it were not for those things."

"They're all old-timers, an' no mistake, Wild," the scout declared, a twinkle in his eyes. "But blamed if it ain't funny jest the same. What's the difference how old a joke is, so long as it's worked on a new feller?"

"I suppose you are right on that. But this is no time for joking. You haven't forgotten what is being done up by the canal?"

"No, I ain't forgot that yet, Wild. Whenever you're ready to do somethin', jest tell me, an' you kin bet I'll be right on the job."

"Well," and the young deadshot thought for a moment. "the more I have studied the conditions of things the more I am



convinced that if the trenches that are now occupied by the Germans should be flooded there would be more than enough water to flood the greater part of this town. You know how it lies right in this little valley. Probably one-third of the houses would escape, for they are on the right close upon the slope under the mountain. But the rest of them would soon fill up, and the chances are the water would be four or five feet deep in many spots."

"Which would mean a terrible destruction to the buildings and furniture in them, and possibly the loss of some lives," Arietta added, gravely.

"That's it, little girl. But since about one-third of the people have left the town, I suppose it wouldn't be difficult to get the others away in case the water began rising here. The lives of the occupants might be saved, but the damage done by the flood, if it occurred, surely would be great."

"What are you going to do about it, Wild?" Jim asked.

"I haven't made up my mind yet. I should like to consult with some of the army officers. Then probably we could decide upon a plan of action."

"Here comes one now, Wild."

"It was Eloise who spoke.

She happened to be standing near the window, and saw an English officer hurrying toward the inn with four soldiers who were evidently his aides.

"Right you are!" the young deadshot exclaimed, as he glanced out of the window.

Then Cheyenne Charlie took a look, and the moment his eyes rested upon the approaching men he gave a start.

"Say, Wild," he said, somewhat excitedly, "that colonel an' his men is the ones what come into the back room of that store, an' as Hop sorter surprised 'em by settin' off the firecracker, most likely they're comin' here to git him, so they kin punish him."

"That's all right, Charlie. I reckon if Hop is to be punished they won't do it. Just let me do the talking."

Straight to the front door of the building the colonel came.

Then he lined up his four men, and then ordered one to come to the door.

The orderly, or whatever he might have been, promptly obeyed and gave a loud knock.

Wild was there in a jiffy.

Opening the door, he looked smilingly at the soldier and said:

"What is it you wish?"

Instead of making a reply the man drew back and, saluting the colonel, said:

"Here is one of the Wild West people, sir."

"Ahem!" coughed the colonel, throwing out his chest.

"How do you do, colonel?" Wild said, in his cool and easy way, as he stepped outside and gave the military salute. "What can I do for you?"

"Who are you?" came the query.

"Young Wild West is my name."

"You are one of the Americans who are in this town?"

"Yes, that's right. There are six of us, and we have a Chinese servant with us."

"Ah! I would like to see the person who is responsible for the actions of these show people."

"Well, colonel, I reckon each is responsible for anything he does, as far as that goes, but I don't mind telling you that I am supposed to be at the head of the show, so I think I am the one to receive complaints, even though the show is in camp. But what is the trouble, anyhow?"

Wild thought it advisable to show him his passports, as he sometimes called them, so without waiting any further he drew the papers from his pockets and handed them over.

"Just glance over these, colonel?" he said, smilingly. "I reckon you and I are pretty sure to become friends. I hope so, anyhow, for you are just the man I would like to talk with a few minutes."

The officer smiled in a contemptuous sort of way, and after hesitating, proceeded to examine the papers.

The expression of his face gradually changed, and when he had finished looking them over he handed them back, and bowing, said:

"That is all right, Young Wild West. The seal and signatures upon those papers satisfies me that you are neutral, so of course you shall have permission to pass and repass through our line. But that isn't the point. I came here to enter a complaint against two persons who are associated with you. One I take it is an American, and the other is a simple-minded Chinaman."

"I reckon I'm the American he means, Wild!" Cheyenne

Charlie exclaimed, as he stepped to the door. "Colonel, how are you feelin'? Did you find the man you was lookin' for?"

"No, I did not," and the colonel glared at him angrily.

"Good! I'm glad you didn't. I do hate to see any one get in trouble, an' it's only human nature that makes a soldier feel like sneakin' off an' havin' a little fun on the sly. But they sartinly wasn't in that room when you come in."

"My presumption is that you assisted them to get away."

"Presumption is good," the scout answered, grinning broadly. "But say, colonel, jest forgit about it, won't you? You hadn't oughter blame the heathen for settin' off a firecracker. Most likely he was afraid he was goin' to be shot, an' he done it so he would have a chance to git away."

"Do you really think he did it for that purpose?"

"Sorter looks that way, don't it?"

"And you say it was merely an ordinary firecracker?"

"That's all it was. One of the kind he makes himself. What did you think it was, a bomb, an' it was intended to kill you all?"

"That's exactly what I did think."

"You were very much mistaken, then, colonel," Wild said, before the scout could speak again. "The fact is that servant of ours is a very clever Chinese. He is greatly given to practical joking, and whenever he gets the opportunity he is setting off firecrackers or giving people cigars that are loaded with powder and the like."

"An' puttin' red pepper in whisky," Charlie added.

The more he talked the better became the colonel's mood.

Wild thought it was a good time to consult with him about the flooding of the trenches, so laying a hand upon his arm, he said:

"Colonel, I would like to speak to you a few minufes in private. I have something which I think is of great importance to say."

"Very well, sir. Your request shall be granted."

That settled the complaint part of it.

The four soldiers lined up in twos on either side of the doorway, and then the officer followed Wild and Charlie into the house.

The young deadshot knew there was a room right off the sitting-room, so he promptly opened the door and invited the colonel inside.

"Now then," he said, coming right down to business, "I feel certain that unless something is done this town will soon be wiped out by a flood."

"What do you mean?" and the colonel stared at him in surprise.

Wild proceeded to explain matters, and it did not take him more than five minutes to convince the colonel that he was right.

"I wasn't aware that they intended to flood the trenches. The fact is my orders are to wait here in the village with my command until I receive official notice to move. The presumption is that my force is to be joined by a large force of the Belgian infantry. Then we will unite on the left wing of the army and proceed to drive the enemy back."

"Well, there is a large force of men doing a lot of digging up by the canal, and once they get the water running through the trenches which are now occupied by the Germans, they will quickly fill. This will of course drive them out, and then I suppose there will be a regular slaughter, for no doubt the Allies have their guns trained and ready for the purpose."

The colonel nodded.

"For one so young, your knowledge and conception of things in general is wonderful," he declared.

"That's all right, colonel. I know I am only a boy, but if I live long enough I'll be a man. But that doesn't matter. I have laid before you the facts. Now then, I think something should be done to save this Belgian town."

"Certainly. What is your advice?"

"If I get my horse will you take a ride with me so we may look over the situation?"

"Most assuredly."

"All right, colonel. I am very glad to find that you are such a fine man, and one who certainly is worthy of wearing the shoulder-straps you bear."

This compliment pleased the officer greatly.

"I await your pleasure, my American friend," he said.

"All right, we will be off at once, then."

Out they went into the other room, and then Wild nodded to Charlie and Jim, and said:

"Come on, boys. I reckon I'll take you along as my guide. We are going to take a ride and look over the situation and see what can be done to prevent the water from flooding down into the valley here."



Charlie and Jim quickly left the house to saddle the horses. The colonel being on foot, ordered two of his men to go and get their horses and his own, leaving the others to remain near the doorway.

In about twenty minutes they were all ready, and then dismissing the two men who had been standing as if on guard, the colonel mounted and told the young deadshot he was ready. Straight to the trenches where the battle was raging fiercely the party rode.

When they got upon a high hill from which they could see something of what was going on, Wild called a halt.

The colonel had neglected to bring his glasses with him, so after taking a look himself, Wild passed his excellent field glass to him, saying:

"Now then, you can see what is going to happen presently. The water hasn't broken through yet, but as soon as it does the trenches all along the line down there will quickly be flooded. This will drive the Germans out, of course, and the Allies will then have a chance to mow them down. But," and the boy shook his head as he pointed off to the left, "if the water gets past that point opposite that group of trees over there it will rush down into the town with terrible force."

The colonel made no reply until he had looked carefully over the scene.

Then handing back the glass, he said, bluntly:

"What do you advise, Young Wild West?"

"I advise getting a force of men with picks and shovels to dig a trench a couple of hundred yards to the right of the danger spot, so as to turn the water the other way."

"You are sure it is the intention of those engaged near the canal to flood the trenches?"

"Quite sure of it. I don't know what there would be so many men digging there for."

"That is true. Of course it would be a brilliant coup. The enemy has succeeded in driving us back and now occupy the trenches that were being held by us. To flood them out would mean disaster to them. Yes, I am sure you are right. Very well. I will furnish the men if you can find the necessary implements for them to use."

"I reckon the town is large enough to furnish all we need in that particular line. Come on back, colonel, and we'll get right at work."

As they turned to ride back to the town they saw a fresh body of German cavalry coming in the distance.

Behind them came heavy siege guns, which Wild could easily see by the aid of his powerful glasses.

"They mean to do something before sunset," the young deadshot said, as he looked to the west and saw that it would be fully two hours and a half before darkness came.

At that moment a firing more terrific than anything they had heard since they had come to the top of the hill sounded away off to the right.

Instantly the young deadshot turned his glass that way.

"By jingo!" he cried, somewhat excitedly. "The Germans are leaving the trenches. The flood must have been turned on. We haven't a moment to lose, colonel. Come on."

Away they all went galloping back to the town, Wild earnestly hoping that they would be able to save it.

## CHAPTER IX.

### HOW WILD SAVED THE TOWN.

Young Wild West knew that even if the full force of the water from the canal was rushing to the lowlands, it would take an hour or two before the town could really be in danger.

He figured this out as he was riding swiftly back to Soree. Once they got into the town the colonel made straight for his camp, while Wild and his partners hurried for the inn.

The girls were quickly apprised of what was likely to happen, and then the young deadshot and his partners started a search for picks and shovels.

It soon spread about among the frightened townspeople of what was impending, so the result was that when the colonel with a force of a hundred willing English soldiers appeared they were very quickly furnished with the necessary implements to do the digging with.

Then away they started for the point that Wild thought was the proper one to do the necessary digging.

This was about three miles from the outskirts of the town, and right in the danger zone, for a big division of the Kaiser's army was located near at hand.

But Wild was nothing if not daring, and what would no one else do, he did.

Putting the sorrel stallion to a gallop, he quickly took the lead, carrying a pick over his shoulder.

Charlie and Jim started after him, and then the troopers who were mounted did their best to keep up.

The colonel, however, seemed inclined to keep somewhat in the rear.

He may have done this in order to keep track of the men who were to do the work, or possibly he may have feared that the bursting of a shell or a stray bullet might pick him off.

When they were yet a mile away from the trenches Wild could tell by the awful firing along to the right that the Allies were doing great work.

He paused on a little knoll, and took a look with his glass. But the woods and a hill-top shut off his view from what was going on as far as the Allies were concerned.

However, as he turned and looked around he could see a whole division of the Germans falling back, abandoning their heavy field pieces.

"I reckon the water has started them out all right," he thought.

Charlie and Jim rode up at that moment, so he gave them each the opportunity to have a look.

"It will be all right if they don't swing around this way," Jim declared.

"They are not going to do that," Wild answered, positively.

"They are working over to the right, probably with the intention of getting closer to Namur. If we get right to work we'll stop that water."

"I don't see no water yet, Wild," the scout declared.

"No, of course not. It hasn't reached far enough for us to see it yet. But you must remember that there is an awful lot of water in that canal. It stretches for miles and miles, and should all the locks be opened to give it full power, there will be more than enough to flood the town."

Some of the English cavalry overtook them just then, and after telling them what he thought about the situation, Wild rode on again with his partners.

Three or four minutes later they were at the trenches, which had not yet been occupied by the Germans at that end.

Wild dismounted and took a look.

"Pretty dry down there, too," he observed, as he tied his horse to a little tree close by.

There was a little ridge a couple of hundred yards to the right, but a gully ran through it, and the trenches met it.

As the foremost of the British soldiers reached the spot and were ready to do as the young deadshot directed them, a roaring sound came faintly from the right.

"The water is coming, boys," the young deadshot said, in his cool and easy way. "Now then, come over here. I can't tell just exactly where the digging can be done with the best results. When we were up on high ground two or three miles away it was easy to see. But here it is different. However, I remember that clump of trees over there, so you had better start digging right here, and if you can manage to get along for two hundred feet you will turn the water so it will run over a course almost directly opposite to the town."

The soldiers gave a cheer, and promptly started in at work.

The colonel had just arrived on the scene and was about to give instructions, when a shell fired from a big German gun exploded within a hundred feet of them.

"Ha!" the officer exclaimed, his face paling slightly. "They are directing their fire upon us."

Boom! Bang!

Another shell exploded, striking a little farm-house that was the only building to be seen near.

"Never mind that, boys," the young deadshot called out, waving his hat. "There are enough of the Allies to take care of those fellows. They'll soon stop this business. Keep on digging."

The colonel quickly became very cool and he rode about assisting Wild, who was giving directions as to how the digging should be done.

The young deadshot thought it advisable to start from the lowest point and dig toward the trenches, which were double right there.

Then if they were hit they could strike in and get enough of the dirt away to cause it to break and let the torrent over a new course.

A hundred pairs of willing hands were working valiantly now, and the dirt was fairly flying.

But the excavation in one place had to be over six feet in depth, and Wild knew the wider it was the better it would be, for in case the rush of water was too great it would overflow, and then the earth might give way and it would go straight into the town, after all.



Meanwhile, the battle was raging fiercely.

Part of the big German army was retreating from the trenches, but the other side of the ridge, though they could not see them, the trenches were still being held.

In less than five minutes after the roaring sound had been heard the water came rushing toward those who were digging.

Wild seized a pick as the flood reached the spot and worked as hard as any of them.

But he knew it would be ten or fifteen minutes before the water would reach the top of the trenches.

There was yet a spot ten feet in width that had not been touched, and he now started in upon it.

But the German artillery was still trained that way, or one of the guns at least, and every now and then a shell would hit near them.

Ten minutes passed.

Then it seemed that more of the guns were trained that way.

The water was flooding the trenches now, and it seemed that all the work was for naught.

"This way," Wild shouted, but his words could not be heard, so he had to depend upon the motions he made with his hand.

But the willing soldiers understood.

Shells burst over their heads as they ran toward the rushing torrent.

But Young Wild West did not seem to mind this.

"Dig!" he cried. "Turn the water this way, or the town is doomed."

Then the earth gave way.

It was right in the very spot that Wild wanted it that the water turned.

In a twinkling the trench the soldiers had been digging was widened many feet.

The earth kept crumbling only to be washed along, and after watching it regardless of the bursting shells for five minutes, the young deadshot gave a nod of satisfaction, and untying his horse, led it to a higher piece of ground where the colonel had taken his position with the most of his men.

"It's all right now," the young deadshot shouted, as he got close to him. "The water isn't rising, and that means that it will keep on going the way we have turned it. I reckon the town is saved."

A fierce roaring of heavy guns sounded just then very near them.

The English had succeeded in getting a field piece in operation, and the Kaiser's soldiers who had been forced to leave the trenches were now compelled to retreat and leave their dead and dying behind them.

To describe what happened until darkness came to shut off the scene would be almost impossible.

But the result was that the German army was driven back to the very point where it had been early that morning before the fierce charge which broke through the Allies' center occurred.

This really left the situation just as it was at that time, save the loss that had been sustained upon both sides.

However, it was easy for our friends to guess that the Germans had suffered five to one, since when the trenches were flooded they were forced to show themselves right within easy range of the riflemen, not speaking of the machine guns and heavy field pieces.

It was about nine o'clock in the evening when things were very quiet about the inn that Arietta suggested that they take a ride to the scene where Wild had succeeded in saving the town from the flood.

"You think you would like to go there, eh, little girl?" the young deadshot said, looking at her smilingly.

"I certainly would, Wild. I have heard you all talking so much about it and of the great work the soldiers did under your direction, that I would just like to see what it looks like over there."

"All right, I reckon we'll go. There is no danger of coming in contact with any soldiers, for both lines have withdrawn from that point."

In a few minutes the horses were saddled, and then all hands set out to ride to the scene where the flood had been turned.

It looked to be more like a natural river than anything else, and the girls saw by aid of the moonlight that if the trenches had overflowed before the earth gave way to connect the trench with it, it surely would have turned directly into the town, and there being a long, gradual descent, there could have been but one result, which would have meant disaster to Soree.

"You think the danger is really over, Wild?" the scout's wife asked, as they were surveying the scene.

"I reckon so," was the reply. "They can run all the water

out of the big canal, but you can bet it will keep on going the way it is now."

This satisfied her as well as the rest, so soon they returned to the inn.

When they got there the young deadshot and his partners were agreeably surprised to meet the inn-keeper's son, who, after having put in a strenuous day, had come to the town with his regiment to join the English who were there.

The Belgian soldier kissed the hands of our three friends in his delight at meeting them.

But when he informed Wild that Bisbee, the soldier, was in the town, too, the eyes of the young deadshot sparkled.

"I am glad of that," he said. "Since it is all over now, I don't mind telling you that the fellow was in the house when you came to look for him. I didn't have to lie when I told you that we had not seen a soldier coming that way, for it happened that he was there when we arrived, and under our advice he went into the house to bid farewell to his sweetheart."

The cavalryman looked at him without saying a word for the space of a few seconds.

Then he gave a nod, and gripped the boy's hand.

"I shall say nothing about the affair," he remarked.

Wild was not long in telling his partners and the girls that the romantic part of the happenings during the day was again to the fore.

"Now then," he said, "the fact that the girl is here means that the soldier will come to her just as soon as he gets the opportunity. Et, you go and find her."

"All right, Wild," and so saying Arietta quickly left the room.

She went to the apartments that had been assigned to the farmer's family, and knocking upon the door, was admitted by the girl's mother.

Arietta noticed that she did not seem inclined to admit her willingly.

But she pushed her way into the room just the same.

Standing at a window was the girl, while leaning through it from the outside was a soldier.

Both were amazed, for no doubt they feared trouble was coming.

"That's all right," Arietta said, in French, as she nodded to the soldier, who appeared to be dropping down. "Come on in if you like and kiss your sweetheart. I have heard all about you."

The fellow hesitated for a moment, and then climbed through the window rather timidly.

Young Wild West told me about you," Arietta said, smilingly. "I'll call him so you may talk to him, if you like."

"Oui, mademoiselle," came the eager response, meaning that he would be delighted to see the young deadshot.

Arietta quickly found Wild, and then led him to the room.

"You're all right, my soldier friend," the young deadshot said, as he took the young man's hand. "I hope you didn't steal away for the purpose of meeting your sweetheart again."

"That is just what I did, m'sieur," was the reply.

"Well, I'm going to give you a little advice, then. Let this be the last time you try anything like that. I saved you from trouble this morning, and certainly I am not going to get you into trouble now. Make your visit short, and get back to your camp."

"Your advice is good, and I will take it. I promise you, M'sieur West, that I will never again violate the rules. I heard my sweetheart was here at the hotel, and also that you were responsible for her safety and that of her parents. How can I thank you?"

"You needn't bother about thanking me. But get out of here as quickly as possible. Kiss her, and then the chances are you will be able to see her to-morrow without having to sneak away from your command."

The soldier kissed the blushing girl, and then after bowing politely, slipped out of the window and went down the ladder which he had found and placed there.

"I reckon that will be about all, Et," Wild said, as he nodded to his sweetheart. "Come on downstairs."

"But I do hope that couple will be married some time and live happily ever afterward," the girl declared, gravely.

This ended Young Wild West's adventures at the trenches, and how he saved a Belgian town.

Next week's issue will contain "YOUNG WILD WEST ALONG THE YSER: OR, ARIETTA'S WONDERFUL SHOT."

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## CURRENT NEWS

According to the best tables and the latest, the three richest nations are: The United States, \$130,000,000,000; Great Britain, \$80,000,000,000; France, \$65,000,000,000. Germany follows hard after France, with \$60,000,000,000. Russia is put at \$40,000,000,000.

Thousands of buffalo nickels, plated and slightly altered, are being passed as \$5 gold pieces. The false coins were placed in circulation during the holidays. The nickels have been milled around the edge, the Indian head has been retouched and stars have been engraved or stamped around it. The spurious coins can be detected only by careful scrutiny.

Hanging up a new record in target practice with big guns, the battleship North Dakota made fifty-three hits out of sixty shots with twelve-inch guns at long range. The best work was made when her gunners fired twelve shots in two minutes and thirty-five seconds, making twelve hits. This is said to be the best record ever made for the time it required to fire the guns.

Our total foreign trade for 1913, including imports and exports, was four and one-quarter billion dollars, and of this amount about two billion dollars was handled through the port of New York. The second seaport is Galveston, which handled \$290,000,000 worth of goods. Then follow New Orleans, \$252,000,000; Boston, \$216,000,000; Philadelphia, \$170,000,000; Baltimore, \$150,000,000; San Francisco, \$130,000,000; Puget Sound ports, \$114,000,000; Buffalo, \$81,000,000, and Detroit, \$71,000,000.

The first case of African "sleeping sickness" ever recorded in Massachusetts has resulted fatally. The victim, Iroria Nunas, a native of the Cape Verde Islands, died at the Tewsbury State Infirmary. His periods of sleep extended from four to five hours, with a waking interval of from fifteen minutes to an hour. He begged Dr. Howard Tuttle, the infirmary physician, to send him to his Cape Verde home, as the natives of the islands could cure him. Tuttle, who found that no cure for this disease is known, spent his time making Nunas's last days comfortable and studying the case.

A new record in English billiards was recently established by George Gray of England, who made a string of 1,051 against Walter Osborne in a match for 3,000 points at Nuneaton, England. The best previous mark at English billiards was 976, made by Gray last September, while the record mark by Stevenson was 919, made in London in 1912. Gray gave Osborne a handicap of 1,000 points, and, playing in remarkable form, the winner ran out 1,121 points. The first 200 points of his break were made by safety play, but most of the remainder were made by kicking balls off the pot ball into the middle pocket.

Nowhere are there to be found such noble terminal and union station buildings as now exist in the United States. Foremost among these are the new Pennsylvania station and the new Grand Central station in New York; but outside of this city there are other monumental buildings which are scarcely second to the two mentioned in importance. The latest of these to be opened is the Union station in Kansas City, Mo., which was opened to traffic, on November 1st. The building, of classic design, is monumental in size and of dignified and harmonious proportions. The central portion of the building contains a main hall 240 by 103 feet and 92 feet high. The waiting-room is 350 by 78 feet. The total cost of the station, approaches, new belt line and the new terminal works represents an output of over forty million dollars.

The German government has protested at San Marino, accusing the republic of encouraging espionage through its wireless station, and threatening to send a German commission to inquire into the matter. The republic declines to receive the commissioners. The tiny Republic of San Marino is the oldest in the world. For more than 1,000 years it has existed on the flat top of Monte Titano, a spur of the Apennines, 2,650 feet high. The territory is scarcely thirty-three square miles in area. It is 140 miles due north from Rome and eighteen miles from the Adriatic Sea. Once before, in the eighth century, the people of San Marino defied the Germans, or, at any rate, the Holy Roman Empire, in the person of the mighty Charlemagne, who, if we are to believe his secretary, Einkhard, was destined to die without ever having heard of San Marino or its declaration. All the same, the declaration exists to this day, and is said to be the oldest document preserved which defines the status of the republic.

In the work of "ratproofing" the harbor districts of Southern ports, interesting discoveries are being made of the ingenuity and resourcefulness of the rats. Officials have told how the appearance of bubonic plague in New Orleans resulted in a strenuous campaign to drive out all the rodent nomads which carry the disease. The government public-health service has many of its men aiding in the work. One of the oddest of the incidents is reported from Mobile, Ala., by Oliver Whitehead, an inspector. He was in charge of the ratproofing of an old store. In clearing away debris and other material, a rat's nest was found, which had been made of \$5, \$10 and \$20 bills. At the Windsor Hotel an aged rat established a record for gnawing a hole through an oak door. It was exactly twenty minutes after the rat commenced to eat its way out that it appeared through the aperture it had created. Contractors and others who are interested in concrete are still talking about a rat which ate its way through three inches of concrete in a new building in Mobile, the concrete being four hours old.



# THE MOUNTAIN QUEEN

— OR —

## THE FAIR BANDIT

By "PAWNEE JACK"

(A SERIAL STORY)

### CHAPTER XVIII.

#### FOILED AGAIN.

The young hunter was surprised to be thus interrupted, even by the fair maiden to whom he was betrothed, and he started from the log where he was sitting, startled at first, yet gradually regaining his consciousness.

"Star Eyes!" he exclaimed, and he took her hands within his own. "I did not dream that you were here. How you startled me, and yet how glad I am to see you."

"And Star Eyes too is glad to see her pale-faced lover," the beautiful maiden responded, her dusky face smiling and dimpling. "For she has given her whole heart and soul to him. Aye, she has left her people for him. She has deserted her own race that she may follow in the footsteps of his race. She is no longer an Indian princess nor has she any wish to be. For rather would she live in the humblest hut with Border Eagle than to dwell in the midst of splendor with one of her own people whom she does not love, and he, ah, he loves her, for she can read it in his eyes, his smile, the sound of his voice."

"And I love you just as dearly, Star Eyes," he answered, slowly, his voice trembling with eagerness, while his strong arms drew the supple, yielding figure closer to him. "Aye, he adores you!"

"Then Star Eyes will wed her pale-face lover this very night," she replied, softly. "While the moon is high in the heavens they will become one, and henceforth dwell in peace and happiness forevermore. Black Wolf will not be able to part us. He can never hope to claim Star Eyes as his promised wife. Ah, how she hates him, this cruel Black Wolf, whose hands are red with the blood of both men, women and innocent little children. She would kill him with her own hands ere she would become his wife. But Border Eagle—ah, who does not love him?"

The gallant young hunter pressed the fair maiden to his brave breast and he smiled, for she was so simple, so innocent and confiding, that he could not help it.

"Yes, I want you for my bride, Star Eyes," he said, slowly. "But do you not see that we cannot well wed to-night? It is so late now, and when the sun once more arises in the East, then our lives may be united. To-night it is too late, and so we must part until the dawning of the rosy morn."

"As the pale-face likes," the maiden replied, haughtily. "He is at liberty to remain free for the rest of his life if

so he wills it," and, holding her head high in the air, she broke away from the shelter of his arms and attempted to pass him.

He caught her by the arm and drew her back again.

"Star Eyes," he pleaded, "do not thus leave me in anger. You know how I love you, and yet you are unjust. I am telling you only the simple truth. We cannot wed to-night. On the morrow we will do so. But your proud heart will not let you hearken to me. Listen. Once my heart was as free and fetterless as the strong eagle that soars yonder mountain heights. I never knew what it was to stop and think it belouged to another. But now all is changed. The fearless eagle came in contact with a gentle dove, and his bold nature grew soft and gentle too. Star Eyes, you are that dove, I am that eagle, and once this danger is past, we two shall dwell together in peace and harmony, happy as two fond turtle doves."

A silvery laugh burst from the maiden's lips.

"Then the pale-face is fond of Star Eyes after all?" she asked, archly. "He does care for her, his heart really belongs to her? Ah, it makes her heart glad, too, and she would lay down her life for him. For he is so handsome and brave. Black Wolf is a coward when compared to him. And Star Eyes will never wed any one save Border Eagle."

The young hunter smiled to himself as he thought of the sudden change in the maiden. She was so childish, so simple, so free a child of nature, that she was really a novelty.

When they parted that night, it was with the understanding that they were to wed on the morrow. Little did he dream, however, how much would occur before he saw the beautiful, smiling face again. And well for them both that they did not know what lay before them in the dim and distant future, for brave as they were, it would cause them uneasiness.

Border Eagle slept peacefully that night in the home of the bandit queen, and his last thought as he sank to rest was of his friend, Handsome Harry, and he resolved that on the morrow he would go in search of him. Something seemed to tell him he was in deep trouble, why he would not say, nevertheless it was true.

"I will find him to-morrow if I lose my life in the attempt," he muttered to himself, as he was drifting off into the land of slumber. "And no matter who attempts to stop me they shall pay dearly for it."

The sun's golden rays were what awakened him in the



early morn, and starting to his feet he looked about him. At first he could not remember what had happened, but gradually it all came back to him, and he started to leave the tent. As he stepped out into the crisp, morning air he heard the sound of many excited voices, and then a sharp pain surged through his heart, as he heard the bandit queen exclaim:

"They have stolen them away while we slept! Both Lorretta and Star Eyes are gone, and I fear we shall never see them again! Alas! we are again foiled by our enemies! They have outwitted us in spite of our cunning, and they are at this very moment laughing at us!"

## CHAPTER XIX.

### ON THE TRAIL OF THE ENEMY.

The pursuing party, led by Belle Bouton and her gallant band, started out upon the trail of their enemies who had stolen the two fair girls from them, and deep within the breast of every man present was a grim determination to overtake them and punish them as they deserved.

The Mountain Queen was herself the most tireless of them all. She knew the nature and character of the men she had to deal with, and she was firm once she made up her mind to do a thing. She would rest neither day nor night until she had accomplished her mission.

"They are all sharp, shrewd men, but they cannot escape us, my brave boys," she said, trying to infuse new courage into the hearts of her gallant troop. "They have the cunning of the red man, while we have the courage and perseverance of our race. We shall soon see which conquers in the end."

As she rightly surmised, they had broken up their camp and departed for new scenes as soon as they obtained possession of the two maidens, and that was one reason why the fearless bandit queen followed them so closely. She knew the girls were in great danger, and she resolved to save them, no matter what the cost might be.

"I have taken a great fancy to both of them," she murmured to herself, as the trail grew warmer. "And if either one of those scoundrels harm a hair of their heads I swear I will kill them with my own hands. The mere sight of those pretty young faces brings out all the woman in me, and I forget for a few moments that I am a hunted outlaw, a woman with a price set upon her head. Ah, well, I often think of two others whom I shall never see again, and—there, there, I am foolish to allow myself to think, for it only brings back the old pain."

She dashed away a tear that dimmed her eyes, and encouraged her gallant band to push onward.

"We are gaining upon them at every step, but still we must be careful, for they are as cunning as they are treacherous," she said.

"Well, I reckon yer Uncle Tim is jest about as foxy as them thar varmints be," the old trapper answered. "I kin tell ye, mam, that ther fur will fly when I git my

paws on 'em. Durn ther red hides, but I kin lick a car-load of 'em. Once me and Bill Grimes——"

A warning hand was suddenly laid on his shoulder, and the big scout remarked:

"Now look a-here, old man, we kin stand almost any fish story, but I'll be durned if I'm a-goin' ter listen ter thet thar old Bill Grimes racket agin this time. I've heerd it so mighty often thet I've got sick, and I'd rather take a dose of medicine then ter hear it agin. Who ther thunder was Bill Grimes anyhow?"

The little trapper bristled up like a bantam rooster.

"He was as white a man as ever pulled ther cork out of a bottle of good old rye whisky," was the quick retort. "He was my pard, and we could lick anything three times our size. He could fight, Bill could. Jest fill him about half full of good hard stuff and he'd sail in and whale an elephant. Why, durn my socks, once Bill and me——"

"Cut it short, old pard—cut it short!" the scout sung out again. "Fur we hain't got no time ter monkey about Bill Grimes. We've got ter git them thar two gals away from ther dirty suckers as hes got 'em in their grip. Durn their ugly mugs anyway, but they are as mean as a pair of skunks—yes, and a mighty sight meaner!"

"I kin tell yer one thing," the old trapper said in an injured voice; "if Bill Grimes was here them thar varmints wouldn't be on ther top of ther earth ter-day, fur Bill he'd wipe 'em out with his own big, honest paws. Thar hain't many like Bill in this world, I'll give ye a pointer on that. Him and me wus pards fur years, and now I'll never see ther durned 'ole cuss agin!" drawing the sleeve of his hunting coat across his eyes.

"Why, whar is he?" the scout asked, somewhat curiously. "Whar is he, Tim?"

"Thet's a question I can't answer," was the reply, accompanied by a sorrowful shake of the head. "I don't know whar Bill is, and thet's what bothers me, you see. It was like this: Bill was one of the most independent cusses on earth, and if he saw a thing and felt a hankering fur it, why he jest took it and walked off with it, and never said a word. Wall, one day, Bill he saw a mighty fine hoss when he was a-ridin' past a ranch, and his 'own nag bein' putty well played out and old inter ther bargain, Bill he jest got out of ther saddle, and took ther hoss he fancied, leavin' his hoss in its place. As fur as Bill is consarned, he didn't keer a durn, but it seems ther feller thet owned the other hoss did, fur he follered Bill, and when they overtook him, and found him a-settin' under a big tree, a-smokin' of his pipe, why they jest hanged him ter thet very tree, and thet's why I say I don't know whar Bill is, fur it's mighty hard ter say. Poor Bill! He didn't know ther meanin' of ther word fear, and yet he hed ter turn his toes up, and because he took a hoss thet didn't belong ter him. I never had another such a pard as Bill, and I'll never hev another like him. He wuz a man all ther way through, from ther top of his head ter ther toes of his shoes. Durn this cold, it makes my eyes water, and I don't know when in thunder I got it either."

(To be continued)



## ITEMS OF INTEREST

### SMITHSONIAN EXPLORATIONS.

Following its custom of recent years, the Smithsonian Institution has just issued a readable and attractively illustrated summary of the various expeditions and other forms of field-work conducted by the institution and its several branches during the year 1913. The first section of the report, giving an account of Secretary Walcott's geological explorations in the Canadian Rockies, is illustrated with several beautiful photographs of mountain scenery, in the making of which Mr. Walcott excels. The other undertakings recorded in this report are mainly biological and anthropological, and extend over a considerable part of the world.

### AUTOMOBILE TRADE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

A Vienna journal states that according to consular reports, automobile imports in British South Africa for the year 1913 reached \$5,504,000, compared with \$2,790,000 for the preceding year. Half of this great import trade enters the country by way of Port Elizabeth. Out of the above total the amount for Great Britain is \$2,200,000, in round numbers; United States, \$1,920,000; Canada, \$800,000; Germany, \$3,000,000. As regards France and Italy, who formerly dominated the South African market, they now figure for only \$1,900,000 and \$101,000, respectively. The tendency of the African importers is to seek a low-priced car, and this favors the extension of American, Canadian and German trade.

### SIX HUNDRED WELLS TO SUPPLY CITY WATER.

One of the largest underground waterworks systems in the world has lately been completed at Prague, Bohemia, says Popular Mechanics. The water is supplied by nearly 600 artesian wells, fifteen miles from the city, and is carried in pipes by gravity to a large reservoir, from which it is pumped to a supply basin near the municipality. A strip of land, 50 feet in width and a little more than eighteen miles long, was acquired for the wells and pipe line. The former were sunk in five sections, those of each unit furnishing water for one pipe extending to the major reservoir, so that in case of any accident to one of the lines, the others would be unaffected by it. Repair materials are distributed along the entire length of the main right of way, making it only a matter of a few hours to remedy any break which might occur. A certain amount of water is furnished each property owner in Prague and its suburbs free. The quantity is in proportion to the yearly income of the building supplied.

### Lajoie FOR ATHLETICS.

Napoleon Lajoie, for thirteen years second baseman and former manager of the Cleveland American League club, was released by President Charles W. Somers to the Philadelphia Americans. Manager Connie Mack came from

Philadelphia and closed the deal. No other players were involved in the deal, Mr. Somers said.

Lajoie in 1901 jumped from the Philadelphia National League club to the newly-formed Philadelphia American League team, where he played under Connie Mack until June, 1902. On June 4, 1902, he played his first game with the Cleveland team. He was manager of the Cleveland team from 1905 to 1909, inclusive.

Mr. Mack said he was pleased with the deal and asserted that everything was satisfactory to Lajoie. He admitted that he expected to use Lajoie at second base, a vacancy caused by the sale of Eddie Collins to the Chicago Americans.

Lajoie made his 3,000th hit in the major leagues in the last game he played with the Cleveland club in Sept. 27 last.

His average batting record for 19 years in the major leagues was .348.

### PRACTICAL FARM MECHANICS' EXERCISES FOR HIGH SCHOOLS.

The Department of Agriculture will shortly issue Farmers' Bulletin 638, entitled "Laboratory Exercises in Farm Mechanics for Agricultural High Schools." The purpose of the author, Daniel Scoates, professor of Agricultural Engineering, Mississippi Agricultural and Mechanical College, is to supply high school teachers with practical suggestions for teaching boys who are to be farmers the best and most economical methods for doing some of the more common mechanical work of the farm.

The bulletin, which is elaborately illustrated, gives, in its 26 pages, 42 practical exercises. The first five exercises have to do with the use of rope on the farm and show the best way of tying knots and making hitches and splices used in hitching animals and in tying up farm produce. The next four exercises deal with hitching up horses, fitting collars and repairing harness. Four exercises on the handling of gas engines and repair of belting, deal effectively with the use of power. Later exercises have to do with the practical study and repair of different kinds of field and farm machinery run by engine or horsepower.

There is also a series of exercises having to do with farm buildings, dealing with such things as concrete posts, feeding floors, hog houses, drop nests, gates, fencing, painting and whitewashing.

The bulletin closes with a series of exercises on farm surveying, terracing, irrigation and drainage, and road dragging. The materials used in the exercises are such as are to be found on farms near the schoolhouses, or such as can be readily constructed, from the working drawings and diagrams, by the teacher and pupils. The bulletin should be of great practical service to high school and other teachers in the rural districts. It may be had free on application to the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.



# DICKERING DICK

—OR—

## THE LUCKY BOY TRADER

By DICK ELLISON

(A SERIAL STORY)

### CHAPTER XI (continued)

"Why, Dick, wouldn't that be a swindle?"

"Why, no! He's the same old horse, isn't he?"

"Are you sure it won't get you into trouble?"

"Yes, I am sure of it; but don't you say a word to anybody about it. All horse traders have to do those little tricks."

The next morning when Dick went out to look at the horse he was another animal altogether from appearances.

He rode him up to his grandfather's place, and called him out to look at the animal.

The old man examined him from head to tail. Then he hitched him up to the buggy, which had been repaired, almost made over again, and drove him all around the outskirts of the town. He was perfectly satisfied. The horse was gentle, well broken, and obedient to the reins.

The old man gave him the ten dollars as he had promised.

### CHAPTER XII.

#### DICK FINDS HIMSELF UP AGAINST A PROBLEM.

The next evening after Dick had returned the horse to his grandfather his grandmother came down to the cottage, and was telling Mrs. Doubleday about it.

His mother turned and looked at him, without saying a word. She suspected that he had returned the same horse to the old man.

He winked at her, and, instead of smiling, she was mad enough to snatch him bald-headed.

As soon as the old lady left she pitched into him.

"Dick Doubleday," she demanded, "did you return your grandfather's horse to him?"

"Yes, mother. He hitched him up to his buggy, and we drove around several miles. He was just tickled to death."

"Dick, I've a good mind to give you a good whipping. He'll never forgive you for it as long as he lives."

"That's all right, mother. He isn't the man to forgive anything or anybody. I got his ten dollars, and he has got as good a horse as he had before."

"Of course he has; but it is the same horse, and that horse will break his neck some day."

"There's no danger of that, mother. He was driving by Hardwick's place, and I'll bet both my ears that a bee stung him. He has never misbehaved before, and grand-

father has had him three years. Any other horse would do the same. If a bee was to sting grandpa, he would forget all about his being a deacon, and would say things that would be a great deal worse than what the horse did with his heels."

"Dick, will he ever find it out?"

"Yes, when the horse sheds his hair. I suppose the white hair will grow out again, and then he will probably tumble."

"Then you'll catch it," she remarked, with an emphatic shake of her head.

"Not a bit of it. Grandpa wouldn't let it get out that Dickering Dick had gotten the best of him, not for his right arm. I wanted to show him that his grandson is sharper than he is."

Dick divided the ten dollars with Uncle Jack, for he couldn't have worked the trick without his knowledge and assistance.

A week or two after playing the trick on his grandfather, the deacon's hired man met Dick, and said:

"Look here, Dick, you played it fine on the deacon."

"What do you mean, Bob?" Dick asked.

"Oh, you know well enough what I mean. That's the same horse. You know I attend to him, and there are many little marks about him that I recognize, but how did you change those white spots?"

"Look here, Bob, what's the matter with you, are you all right up under your hat?"

"Yes, I'm all right," said Bob; "but you don't fool me, let me tell you. There's a mark on one of his hoofs that he has had ever since he has been on the place, and I knew his shoes, too, when I was attending his feet yesterday."

Dick laughed in spite of himself, and said:

"Say, Bob, the horse is all right, isn't he?"

"Yes, of course he is. I found where a bee stung him, and I told your grandfather about it, but he couldn't get over the accident and had made up his mind to get rid of him."

"That's it. It was just a foolish prejudice of his. Any horse will tear things to pieces when a bee or a hornet gives him a whack. I did change those spots with dye, and when he sheds his hair again they'll come back. You must keep your mouth shut, and let grandpop take a drop on himself."

Bob and Dick had always been good friends.

The stableman chuckled way down in his shoes as he remembered how the old man had bragged on his new horse. Thought it was worth fifty dollars more than the old one,



so he made up his mind not to say anything and make trouble.

He knew that Dick didn't care a snap about it, anyway, because he didn't love the old man a little bit.

He admired the boy's independence, but he could not help wondering what the old man would do when he found out the trick that had been played on him.

In the meantime Dick had all sorts of horses offered him.

He had learned a good deal about horses from old Uncle Jack, and was able to rely upon his own judgment.

He often remarked that he would trade in anything that he could see a chance to make money out of.

He often laughingly referred to his chicken trade with Mose Wright, then his billygoat trade, and added that he hadn't tackled anything that he didn't make money on.

"See here, Dick," said Bankhead, the livery stable man, "I've got a horse I want to sell you."

"All right; but will you give me a chance to make anything off of him?"

"Yes; I won't tell you a thing about him, though. You must take him on your own judgment."

"What's the matter with him?"

"Don't ask any questions, for I won't answer them."

"All right," said Dick, "you will let me drive him or ride him, won't you?"

"Yes; you can ride him as much as you please. You can have him for two or three days for his keep, and then make me an offer for him."

"What's the matter with you?" laughed Dick. "Are you trying to reform?"

"No; I'm all right."

"Well, you know that Grandfather Morris says that a man can't swap horses without doing damage to the truth."

"Look here, Dick, don't ring in the old deacon on this thing. I'll let you have the horse, and you can ride him and drive him as much as you please, and then make an offer to me. I won't say a word for him or against him."

Dick looked at the horse as he stood in the stall, and had him led out into the stable lot.

He appeared to be all right.

He had no limp, and was in pretty fair condition.

"Well, will you lend me a buggy and harness," Dick inquired, "for I have none myself, you know?"

"No, I am not lending out harness and buggies."

"All right," laughed Dick. "That gives the whole thing away. He is a buggy snasher."

"Well, if he ever smashed a buggy I never heard of it."

The saddle was put on the horse. Dick mounted, and started to ride out to his home.

He had to go up through Main street, but when he reached the business part of the street the horse stopped and deliberately began to lie down.

Dick jerked the reins, and did all he could to keep him going, but down he went, and he had to disengage himself from the stirrups quickly to avoid having his leg crushed under the body of the animal.

Everybody in the block laughed at him as he stood there looking dubiously at the horse.

"Oh, that's what's the matter, eh? You got sleepy and want to take a nap. Well, I'll see if I can't break up that little racket," and, going into a store, he bought a rawhide whip about three feet long, which, when applied pretty hard, can cut one's flesh almost like a knife.

He returned with it, and gave the horse two or three hard cuts on the flanks. Each cut stung him like a hornet, and he very quickly scrambled to his feet.

Dick climbed into the saddle, and, instead of riding home, he found himself going back to the stable. The horse was evidently mad, and determined to have his own way. Dick pulled on the reins so hard, however, that he turned around and around in a circle, and finally laid down again.

The crowd looked on and laughed.

A number called out to Dick:

"You've met your match this time, my boy."

"You wait till I get through with him," he replied, and he cut the horse so sharply that he quickly got on his feet again.

Still he was determined to go back to the stable, and the circus began again; but Dick applied the rawhide so forcefully that the horse kicked up his hind feet so high in the air that the boy went over his head and landed with a thud on his back.

A number of people became alarmed, and rushed to pick him up.

Bankhead, from the front of his stable, could look up the street and see the crowd.

A man volunteered to make him go, and sprang into the saddle, while the others were helping Dick pull himself together.

But the horse laid down with him, and he had to be lively in his movements to keep from having his leg crushed under him; so at last the horse had to be led back to the stable.

Dick followed him. He was confident that old Uncle Jack could break a horse of any trick; so he sung out to Bankhead:

"Say, is that what the matter is with the horse?"

"Yes; his owner brought him here, and told me to sell him for just anything I could get in reason."

"Well, what do you think is a reasonable price?"

"Make me an offer for him, Dick."

"I'll go you twenty-five dollars on him," was the reply.

"All right; he is yours."

## CHAPTER XIII.

### DICK GIVES HIS HORSE A LESSON IN GOOD MANNERS.

Quite a crowd followed Dick down to the livery stable, and when they heard he had bought the horse for twenty-five dollars they were greatly astonished.

"Dick," said one, "that's a reckless trade you've made. Nobody would give five dollars for that horse."

"You are very much mistaken," said Dick. "I've bought him for twenty-five, and if I don't get a hundred for him I'll call it a reckless trade, too."

(To be continued)



## TIMELY TOPICS

Wallace Smith, a young white lad, while roaming around the shops of the Gulf and Ship Island railroad, at Gulfport, Miss., felt thirsty and proceeded to what he thought was a hydrant and a hose attached. The liquid he received, instead of being water, was compressed air. His front teeth were blown down his throat and his arm was broken by the force of rushing air.

The German police discovered stolen fortress plans in a man's wooden leg. A lame man was arrested at the barracks of Friedrichfelds, near Dusseldorf, on a charge of spying. An inspection of his wooden leg showed that in the hollow interior he had concealed important papers and rifle bullets stolen from the barracks. He says that he had stolen them in the interests of a French secret-service bureau in Geneva.

One of the educational features of the hygiene display in the social-economy exhibit of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition will be the largest collection of skulls and jaws of prehistoric and modern races of men and of skulls and plaster casts of the dental equipment of lower animals ever exhibited. These skulls will demonstrate that the soft foods of civilized races and of domestic animals have caused diseases, from which many barbarous races and all the wild animals are immune.

While hunting a lost cow, Mike Cahill, who lives near Boyd, Wyo., heard an animal crashing in the brush and pushed his way through, expecting to find the cow, but found himself facing a huge mountain lion instead. He and the lion stood looking at each other for what Cahill thinks was fully a minute. The man dared not move, while the lion, evidently uncertain what to do, finally backed slowly away, Cahill doing the same and getting to his home as rapidly as possible. He does not know if the lion got his cow or not.

The completion of the Panama Canal is to be made memorable this year by two notable celebrations—the Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco and the Panama-California Exposition at San Diego. In every way this is fitting and proper. Hill encircled San Francisco, the New York of the Pacific, with its spacious land-locked harbor, is admirably approachable and centrally located as befits the foremost Western metropolis, while San Diego, where our Pacific coast history began, is the first United States port of call for vessels from Panama.

At the military camp at Vizzola Ticino, Italy, the authorities have been experimenting with a new biplane, whose inventor is not known, though it is supposed that Pilot Pennanti, who has been taking it up during the experiments, is responsible for its construction. It is larger than any other monoplane in Italy, measuring seventy feet

from wing to wing, and has 300 horsepower distributed among three rotary motors so placed that the pilot can repair any two while the plane is in motion. There are armored seats for three men and a 4-inch gun. The machine went up a mile and a quarter with complete success recently. It is able to stay in the air twenty-five hours and can carry a cargo weighing about a ton. Its average speed is 125 miles an hour.

Making paper from wood, the discovery of Dr. Hill, of Augusta, Me., is one of the world's most important industries. It has revolutionized the paper trade and made it possible for a great newspaper to be sold at one cent. An old hornet's nest caused Dr. Hill to make the discovery. His friend and neighbor, James G. Blaine, had told him that there was not enough cotton and rags in the world to supply the newspapers and other publications with their raw material. That was about forty years ago, when paper was 30 cents a pound. Dr. Hill took a hornet's nest to the superintendent of a nearby paper factory and asked him: "Why can't you make paper like that?" They sat down together, took the nest apart, analyzed it carefully and decided that if a hornet could make paper out of wood man ought to be able to do as much. The doctor discovered that the hornet first chewed the wood into a fine pulp. They decided to make machinery and water do what the hornet's mouth did. Such was the beginning of the wood pulp industry. Now the logs are floated down the river to a pulp mill. In an amazingly short time each log comes out in a great sheet of pulp ready to be sent to the paper mill.

Immigration through the port of New York for 1914 fell off to the extent of 601,410 persons, or 45 per cent., as compared with 1913, according to figures compiled by the commissioner of immigration. During 1913 arrivals numbered 1,334,914 persons, of whom 1,163,993 were aliens and 170,921 were returning American citizens. In 1914 arrivals were only 733,504; of these 573,675 were aliens and 159,829 were citizens. Immigration statistics show that the number of departing aliens was greater by 37,818 than 1913. During 1913 there left New York on steamships bound for foreign ports a total of 381,068 persons; during 1914 departures were 418,886. During July, before the outbreak of the war, arrivals at New York were 50,546, as against 108,909 during July, 1913. June shows the greatest loss for any month of the year, the record for that month in 1913 being 136,690 aliens and 11,279 citizens, while in June, 1914, 57,139 aliens and 10,390 citizens reached port. Immigration officials and representatives of the immigrant aid societies explain the falling off in immigration, aside from the war, which is the chief factor, as being due to the curtailing of work in the United States, and to an effort on the part of foreign countries to restrict emigration by providing work at home and bettering the condition of their working classes.



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## GOOD CURRENT NEWS ARTICLES

A punch on the nose is worth \$2,556 by a ruling of the Superior Court of Boston. This was the amount of damages awarded Carl C. Olsen in a suit against Charles Mason, superintendent of the Park Riding School. According to the testimony Mason assaulted Olsen when the latter attempted to protect his wife from Mason's annoying attentions.

The body of Patrick O'Leary, a military prisoner on Alcatraz Island, in San Francisco Bay, was found on the Oakland water front. O'Leary cut part of the bottom from a tool chest, leaving one plank, which he bestrode. This made a covered ark, which supported him, protected his head and body from observation, and left his legs free to propel the craft. Two kegs attached at either end served as pontoons. He was not sighted nor did he sink, but he was unable to make headway against the tides, and died of exposure.

The Miroir of Paris gives photographs of an armored warrior, whose appearance is reminiscent of the Crusades. He wears the latest French device for safely observing the enemies nearest the trenches. His armor consists of half-inch chilled steel oblong convex—to turn bullets—head-piece, pierced with two eye-holes, and a breastplate, the total weight being more than sixty pounds. Leg protection is unnecessary, as the wearer's lower half is hidden by his own tunic. The inventor, a French engineer lieutenant, says this armor will resist or turn a rifle bullet fired at point-blank range.

An old fox horn, which has sounded over the woods and swamps of Alabama for over a hundred years, passed into a new ownership when Watt McDade sent it to George M. Philor of Longview, Texas, a brother of the late J. W. Philor of Montgomery, Ala., who owned the horn for many years. The history of the horn dates back into over a century ago, and has been an heirloom in the McDade family. It was covered with part of a deer-skin taken from a deer killed in Elmore County by the father of Watt McDade nearly fifty years ago.

The railroad that pays the biggest dividends on the capital invested is, according to the Technical World Magazine, the Grand Island railroad. It is in Northern Alberta, Canada, 200 miles from any trunk line or feed. It is only a quarter of a mile long and built of scrap iron or wooden rails. Its rolling stock consists of two battered freight cars which are pushed along the road by the men who ship the freight, no locomotives being used. The freight that is handled on this road consists principally of furs, which are towed up the Athabaska River on scows hauled by men, are laden on the cars, pushed down the railroad and shipped again on other scows, thereby circumventing the dangerous Grand Rapids. Returning, the scows carry all sorts of freight for the Hudson Bay Company's factors, and are floated down the river. The Hudson Bay Company charges \$2.50 a ton for all freight on this little railroad, and the shipper must handle his own goods and push the cars himself.

## GRINS AND CHUCKLES

"Say, what's a common person?" "A common person is one that we do not associate with. Why do you ask?" "Well, the lady next door said you were a common person."

"Won't you be very, very happy when your sentence is over?" cheerfully asked a woman of a convict in prison. "I dunno, ma'am; I dunno," gloomily answered the man. "You don't know?" asked the woman, amazed. "Why not?" "I'm in for life."

Lawyer—Madam, I'm sorry to say that I don't see the ghost of a chance for you to break your uncle's will. Client—Well, to be frank with you, I don't see the ghost of a chance to pay you for what you've already done if the will isn't broken. Lawyer—H'm! On second thought, madam, I think the will can be broken.

The Sunday-school teacher was making a review of the lessons. "Who was the wisest man, James?" "Solomon." "That's right. Now, Frank, who was the strongest man?" "Jonah." "Wrong; but what reason have you for believing Jonah was the strongest man?" "'Cause the whale couldn't hold him after it got him down."

Old Uncle Andy was steering his master's boat down the bay. They passed an ocean liner. "Andy," said Mr. Blank, "just look how high that ship stands out of the water. I wonder why it is." "Why, boss," answered the old dorky, "don't you know? We ain't had no rain for nigh on three weeks now, and de water's gittin' low."

It was evening. He and she were seated in her father's room, burning her father's gas. "Answer me, Angelina!" he cried, in a voice full of passionate earnestness. "Answer me! I can bear this suspense no longer." "Answer him, Angelina!" came a voice through the keyhole. "Answer him! I can bear this expense no longer."



## THE WOLVES OF CHICAGO.

By Horace Appleton

A succession of terrible screams rang out upon the silence of a summer's night.

The tenants of one of the southern blocks on Warren avenue were startled.

Heads appeared at windows.

Doors were thrown open, and men came out upon the street.

Several policemen came hurrying in the direction whence the alarming cries proceeded.

I was close behind them.

I am a Chicago detective, and I instinctively suspected a crime.

The sounds proceeded from the second story of a tall, dark house.

The sky above its flat roof was leaden, and even as the thrilling screams rang out, the rain, which had long threatened, began to fall.

The night was dark, but that goes without saying.

The police reached the door of the tall dark building, and demanded admission.

It was granted at once.

A tall, dark-faced man, with a hump on his back, and his neck turned sideways, and seemingly immovable in that position, appeared.

The police pushed him aside.

Then they entered the house.

I glided in after them.

At the top of the first flight of stairs was a closed door.

The police forced it.

A small room, littered with papers, and in a state of great disorder, was revealed.

A narrow flight of stairs beyond led to the stories above.

The light of a lantern revealed a pool of blood.

A track of the red tide ran up the stairs.

We followed it to a window opening on the roof.

It was evident some one bleeding severely had gone through it.

Beyond, as far as the light of the lantern illuminated the roof, nothing could be seen.

The house was detached.

That is to say, there was an alley on each side of it between it and the adjoining buildings.

We searched the roof.

To our surprise we found no one.

What had become of the party who had left the trail of blood?

We could not tell.

The blood stains ended abruptly at the edge of the roof and terminated on the northern alley.

There was no way of reaching the ground, and it did not seem possible that a man could leap across the alley and gain the roof beyond it.

"I think the man has fallen to the earth at this point," said the leader of the police.

Meanwhile I glided back and questioned the man who had admitted us.

He professed to have no knowledge of what had occurred.

He said:

The littered room, in which the pool of blood was discovered, was occupied by an old man—a professor of music and a composer.

All he knew of this party was that he was very poor, but expected soon to inherit a fortune.

The old music teacher's name was Randolph—Byron Randolph.

That night he had retired to his room as usual.

No one had afterwards entered the house to my informant's knowledge.

He could form no idea as to what had occurred.

I left the house.

I hurried to the alley at the north side of the house.

In my hand I carried a dark-lantern.

Suddenly I paused.

The sight of a horrible object halted me.

It was the body of a man.

He was crushed and bruised.

He had fallen or been hurled from the roof above.

A moment later the police joined me.

I made myself known.

The honest officers were glad of my assistance.

We examined the man on the ground.

Of course he was dead.

I reasoned that an assassin had attacked the old man in his room.

A fight must have followed, as witness the disordered state of the room.

The old man was either wounded himself, or he wounded his adversary.

Then the old man probably pursued the man who had attacked him to the roof.

There he met his death.

But how the assassin had himself escaped was a mystery.

The cause of the murder was equally obscure.

I was assigned the duty of ferreting it out.

Next morning I searched the roof of the house next north.

On it I found a scrap of paper.

Upon the paper these lines were traced:

"Ten at night—the den of the wolves. To-morrow.

"QUEEN."

What did this mean?

I knew not.

I was reasonably certain now as to the method employed by the assassin of Byron Randolph to escape, for the note I had secured was stained with blood.

I believed it had been dropped by the assassin.

Consequently, I must suppose he had leaped the distance intervening between the two buildings.

No man save a professional leaper or acrobat could have accomplished the feat in safety.

I therefore assumed that the assassin was a gymnast.

But how to find him?

From the note I knew that he was to meet some one at a place called the den of the wolves.

It was a well-known fact to the detectives that at this



time there was a secret society of assassins and robbers in Chicago who called themselves by the very appropriate name of "The Wolves."

This band had long defied the efforts of the detectives and the police to capture them.

I felt confident that if I could only find the den of "The Wolves of Chicago," I should there find also the man I sought.

But it was as difficult to find the one as the other.

I was puzzled.

That day I called upon a lady who had for some months been creating a sensation on the boulevards by the elegance of her toilets and the magnificence of her diamonds.

I had met the lady—who, by the way, was called Madame Cleo—at a fancy ball, and while she knew not that I was a detective, I had seemed to make a favorable impression, and she had invited me to visit her at a fashionable hotel in which she made her home.

The lady received me kindly, and hastily pushed aside writing material with which she was engaged.

My eyes fell upon a letter, which she had just directed, and I came very near betraying the sudden agitation which the sight occasioned me.

The handwriting on the letter was the same as the note stained with blood, which I believed to have been dropped by the assassin of Byron Randolph!

I concealed my excitement, and entered into a pleasant conversation with the lady.

She became interested in a narrative of mine, when suddenly at the most thrilling point there came a ring at the bell.

The lady arose, with her feather fan in her hand, cast a quick, apprehensive glance at the door, and then, regarding me searchingly for a moment, begged to be excused.

She then crossed the room and opened the door.

A man hurriedly entered.

"Queen——" he began, for he had not seen me.

"Hush!" cried the woman, and, clutching his arm, she pushed him out of the room, and the murmur of voices assured me that they were conversing in lower tones.

The man had not seen my face but I had seen his.

In him I recognized one, Ralph Harker, a notorious criminal, who had recently served a long term in Joliet prison.

Then I was sure the woman, Madame Cleo, was the author of the note, and I was almost certain that Ralph Harker was the assassin of Byron Randolph.

Presently the woman returned.

Shortly after I took my leave.

The day drew to a close, and I made Madame Cleo's house the object of my espionage.

At nine o'clock she came out, robed in black, and closely veiled.

I followed.

She led me far.

At last she entered a dive.

The door closed behind her.

I dared not enter.

I crouched down in the dense shadows, and waited patiently.

An hour passed.

Then she came out.

She was not alone.

Ralph Harker accompanied her.

They paused at the entrance.

"Yes, Lela Cleo, I killed him, but you are the murderer at heart, for you planned the crime," said Harker.

"Hush—speak lower. It was a necessity. True, Byron Randolph was my stepfather, but there never was any affection between us, and when I learned that he was about to inherit a fortune from a distant relative, whose bequest stated that in the event of Randolph's death before the division of the fortune, to which my stepfather was the sole legatee, his next heir, which is myself, should inherit his share I determined to kill him.

"I would not be poor again. The fortunes I have accumulated as my share of the robberies of the Wolves of Chicago, of whom I am the Queen, have been almost all squandered. I have drained the dregs of poverty's cup in my time, but henceforth my cup shall be filled with the nectar of wealth."

The woman spoke hurriedly and low, but I had heard all. The secret was out.

She had betrayed herself to me.

I had not only discovered a self-confessed murder, but the location of the den of thugs known as the Wolves of Chicago.

Also, I knew their queen.

Never was I so astonished.

The woman Cleo was in appearance a perfect lady.

She was the last one I should have suspected.

Her case was an illustration of the truth of the old saying that "You can never judge by appearances."

Next day I arrested both the woman Cleo and the convict, Ralph Harker.

The arrest was made secretly.

None of the Queen of the Thugs' friends knew of it.

Our plans required this.

We—that is to say, myself and the chief of police—had arranged to make a raid on the rendezvous of the Wolves that night.

We hoped to surprise them and capture them.

At ten o'clock we repaired to the locality.

The descent was a success.

There was a short resistance, and most of the band—for they were assembled in full force—were captured.

In prison Harker confessed his crime, and added that he had once been a leaper in a circus, so he found no difficulty in leaping across the alley from one roof to the other.

Harker paid the penalty of his crime.

The Queen of the Thugs committed suicide in prison, and thereafter no more was heard of the Wolves of Chicago.

"When Billinger bought his new house, it was with the express understanding that he should have a room all of his own—a den or study." "Yes, I know what you mean. Did he get it?" "He got it, and his wife furnished it." "How?" "With a sewing machine, a cutting-table, two dressers, dummies, three sewing chairs and a full-length mirror."



## NEWS OF THE DAY

Fred. A. Bishop, president of the Iron Steamboat Company, fishing at Melbourne Beach, Florida, on Jan. 7, using a surf rig, six-foot bamboo tip, weighing 131½ ounces, hooked a shark seven feet ten inches long and measuring forty-six inches around the girth. He landed it on the beach in forty-five minutes.

Manager John J. McGraw of the Giants has decided to take a vacation. He plans to go to Cuba with Christy Mathewson and several others, and will probably remain there until about the middle of February, when he will return here before going to Texas to arrange for the coming of the Giants' squad at Marlin Springs. While in Cuba Manager McGraw and his companions will be the guests of Capt. Huston, one of the new owners of the Yankees.

Forty-eight clerks, city carriers, rural carriers and also the postmaster and the assistant postmaster gathered for the first annual chicken dinner by postoffice employees in the Federal Building, Anderson, Ind., recently. Harvey Keltner, a clerk, was toastmaster. When the toastmaster ordered the cigars passed as his own compliment, several of the postoffice employees thought the cigars meant trouble, since smoking is prohibited in Federal buildings. The toastmaster's compliment was declined by several persons at the table, but those who accepted soon discovered that the tinfoil only covered a good quality of candy.

Joseph Guerin, long a justice of the peace in Lincoln County, Wash., has been in a precarious condition from accidental confinement in a water tank on his place in which he nearly froze to death. Guerin, in attempting to break the sheet of ice that covered the water of the tank, which was on a scaffold, broke through and plunged into five feet of icy water. With the water to his mouth he stood for nearly an hour, the temperature hovering below zero, before his calls for help were heard. A farmhand finally rescued him with a ladder. The ice had frozen on his head and ears. The extreme cold and the shock have left him in a serious condition.

Frightened chickens gave the alarm which awakened the entire village of Stoddard, Wis., to fight a fire which destroyed two barns and a henhouse belonging to Alvin Grebeck and Will Brook. It was supposed that it started from an overheated stove. The noisy squawking of the chickens in distress awakened the villagers, who sounded a general alarm, bringing out every one in the village, all the men, even the guests at the hotel assisting to fight the fire, which had gained considerable headway before the firemen were operating in smooth style. With the mercury below the zero mark the men worked desperately and got out the fire before other buildings could be ignited.

Unable to resist the bargains offered in Gentry, Mo., recently in a clothing sale, LeRoy Smith, who lives west of town, purchased a suit of clothes for himself. Many others bought clothes, too, for that matter, but the remarkable thing about Smith's purchase was that it was the first suit of clothes he has owned, although he is thirty-five years old. All his life Smith has shown an aversion to dressing up. His clothes have always been that of the workingman's everyday apparel—blue overalls and jumper. These he considered good enough to wear to church or to attend any other public gathering, and so accustomed were his friends to seeing him thus arrayed that when he had donned his new suit and treated himself to a shave and haircut they failed to recognize him.

A year ago Alma Wade was married to Arthur Little, son of Dr. John S. Little, one of the most prominent physicians in Detroit. Recently she was told by her husband he could live with her no longer. Lately she returned from Ann Arbor, where she went to have Dean Vaughn of the University of Michigan and other scientists try to determine whether she is a white woman or a negress. Her husband charges she is the latter. The charge made by the husband in divorce papers is that his wife, a golden-haired woman with gray eyes, is the matron of a railroad station in Cincinnati. He claims to have visited Mrs. Jefferson and obtained affidavits from her and other members of her family that Mrs. Little's father is Thaddeus Wade, a full-blooded negro. Dean Vaughn told Mrs. Little she had every indication of being white, but he could not make affidavit to such a statement.

Students at the Columbia University summer session will have an opportunity of pursuing their studies in the country. Prof. James C. Egbert, the director, announced recently that courses have been arranged at Camp Columbia at Morris, Conn., in the Berkshires. General courses will be given with emphasis on agriculture, botany, geology and civil engineering. Other courses will be added according to demand. These studies are in addition to the regular courses at the camp. Camp Columbia heretofore has been restricted to engineering students. The camp is expected to appeal to many who would like a tramp through the mountains along with their studies. The students may live there during the six weeks of the summer session or may divide the work between the camp and the university here. The grounds recently purchased by Columbia on Morningside Heights will be utilized during the summer in flower and vegetable gardens and a new greenhouse will be erected. Several courses in flower gardening and the growing of market vegetables will be added to the curriculum. Some of the courses in agriculture will be supplemented by practical experience at the Columbia University farm at Fishkill-on-the-Hudson.



## INTERESTING ARTICLES

### GERMANS STORE SUGAR.

The Federal Sugar Refining Company has received advices from Austria-Hungary that the German Empire is storing its sugar with the view to making Great Britain pay high prices this year.

The message from Hungary says in part:

"Our factories are determined to hold their sugars for considerably higher prices, as a large reduction in sowings is almost a certainty. Consumption on the Continent is not likely to suffer, as the armies are consuming large quantities. We should not even be surprised to see a considerable increase in consumption in Germany and Austria-Hungary.

"The British public will have to pay the sugar bill, so we expect dear sugar for at least two years."

### LEARNED BY ACCIDENT.

How to make starch from corn (maize) was discovered accidentally by Thomas Kingsford, a mechanic. One day he threw a mess of cornmeal mush into the garbage pail. His wife emptied some lye into the same pail and in the morning when he emptied the pail he was astonished to find a small quantity of starch at the bottom.

Thomas Bolsover, a Sheffield mechanic, was mending the handle of a knife made of copper and silver. He saw these metals fuse together and the idea of silver plating was born in his mind. He laid a thin plate of silver on a heavier one of copper and heated them till the edge of the silver began to melt. He took them from the fire, let them cool slightly, then rolled and hammered them to the desired thickness. This was the origin of "Sheffield plate," all of which was made in this way until electroplating was invented.

Cornelius Dubbel left a bottle of aqua regia (a mixture of nitric and muriatic acids) on a shelf. It fell over: the acid ran down over a window and dropped into a bottle containing an extract of cochineal. This turned to a vivid scarlet. Dubbel found that the acid had dissolved some of the tin of the window casing and the combination had produced the new color. A few experiments added the most brilliant color to the list of dyes.

### WIRELESS TELEGRAPH RECORDER.

Efforts of inventors are being directed toward producing a good method for taking down wireless telegraph signals by the use of the common Morse recorder, so as to have a permanent record in dot and dash upon tape in the same way as for ordinary telegraphy. A Paris inventor, A. Chaudet, claims to have solved the problem by the use of a special relay for putting local battery current on the Morse apparatus, but unlike some of the methods that have appeared for this purpose, the relay is not operated by the minute current produced by the waves themselves, for an electric relay to work on such small

current must necessarily be an elaborate and a delicate one, besides being expensive. M. Chaudet makes use of the mechanical impulses which are produced by a loud-speaking telephone, so that the vibrations of the telephone serve to set in movement a suitable relay, and this latter then makes the contact for the local battery circuit. This method appears to be quite a new one and has the advantage of simplicity and low cost. By the use of the loud-speaking telephone, the message can be read at any point in a large room, and the operator no longer needs to wear the customary telephone headpiece. When it is considered desirable, the telephone can be employed without utilizing the recording part of the apparatus.

### CARRIER PIGEONS IN WAR.

Thousands of carrier pigeons are being used as bearers of dispatches for the armies at war in Europe, according to Popular Mechanics.

In Germany some 8,000 of these aerial messengers have been trained for military service, while French statistics show that the number in that country approaches 15,000.

Some are also in service as military photographers. A small, light camera is strapped to the breast of a pigeon. As the bird flies the camera operates, making numerous exposures which record details of the territory beneath.

The use of the birds is most common, however, as a means of communication between fortifications under siege, or to and from spies in hostile territory.

Many ingenious methods have been devised for perfecting this form of transmitting advices, such as stamping the messages in cipher on the under feathers of the wings.

During the Franco-Prussian war, in 1870-71, when Paris was besieged, the pigeon post assumed an important place.

A system was developed for reducing messages, by means of photography, to microscopic size and transferring them to thin strips of collodion.

Approximately 16,000 words could be put on a film no larger than a couple of postage stamps.

Eighteen or twenty of these pellicles, containing words enough to fill three or four large books, were wound tightly and inserted in a quill attached to a tail feather of a pigeon.

For private letters not more than twenty words in length, sent by this aerial post from London by birds trained to fly to their home lofts in Paris, a charge of ten cents a word and twelve cents for registration was made.

A single bird could carry messages for which postage fees of between \$50,000 and \$60,000 were paid.

When the dispatches were received the collodion films were placed on lantern slides and projected on a screen, to be copied and sent on to their destinations.

This system was later replaced by the use of sensitive paper instead of a screen, which eliminated the copying difficulty.



### JAPANESE TWIRLER.

A wonderful imported paper novelty. By a simple manipulation of the wooden handles a number of beautiful figures can be produced. It takes on several combinations of magnificent colors. Price, 10c., postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO.,  
29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

### NOISY HANDKERCHIEF.

A great deal of amusement may be had with this little article. It imitates the blowing of the nose exactly, except that the noise is magnified at least a dozen times, and sounds like the bass-horn in a German band. This device is used by simply placing it between the teeth and blowing. The harder the blow the louder the noise. Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

### THE FOUNTAIN RING.

A handsome ring connected with a rubber ball which is concealed in the palm of the hand. A gentle squeeze forces water or cologne in the face of the victim while he is examining it. The ball can be instantly filled by immersing ring in water same as a fountain pen filler. Price by mail, postpaid, 12c. each.

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### NAME CARDS

The newest fad in picture postals. They are beautifully lithographed in a variety of colors and have various names, such as Harry, Edith, etc., printed on the reverse side. Just the thing to mail to your friends. Price 6 for 10 cents, by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

### MAGIC COINER.

A mystifying and amusing trick. Tin blanks are placed under the little tin cup and apparently coined into dimes. A real money-maker. Price, 20c.

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29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

### THE AUTOPHONE.

A small musical instrument that produces very sweet musical notes by placing it between the lips with the tongue over the edge, and blowing gently into the instrument. The notes produced are not unlike those of the flute and flute. We send full printed instructions whereby anyone can play anything they can hum, whistle or sing, with very little practice. Price, 10c.; 3 for 25c., mailed, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

### SURPRISE KINEMATOGRAPH.

The greatest hit of the season! It consists of a small metal, nickel tube, with a lens eye view, which shows a pretty ballet girl in tights. Hand it to a friend, who will be delighted with the first picture; tell him to turn the screw in center of instrument to change the views, when a stream of water squirts into his face, much to his disgust. Anyone who has not seen this kinematograph in operation is sure to be caught every time. The instrument can be refilled with water in an instant, ready for the next customer. Price 25c. by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

### THE AUTOMATIC RUNNING MOUSE

This mouse is so nearly a perfect imitation of the live animal as to not only deceive the ladies, but to even deceive the cat. Inside each mouse is a set of clock work which you wind up with a key, then place the mouse on the floor and it will run rapidly in every direction in a circle across the floor backward and forward as if to get away. Put it in a room where there are ladies, and you will have the fun of seeing them scream and jump upon the cat to catch the little rodent. This automatic mouse is well worth 10c., but we will sell it for 5c., and send it by mail postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

### GOOD LUCK BANKS.

Ornamental as well as useful. Made of highly nickel plated brass. It holds just One Dollar. When filled it opens itself. Remains locked until refilled. Can be used as a watchcharm. Money refunded if not satisfied. Price, 10c. by mail.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

### LIGHTNING TRICK BOX.

A startling and pleasing illusion! "The ways of the world are devious," says Matthew Arnold, but the ways of the Lightning Trick Box when properly handled are admitted to be puzzling and uncertain. You take off the lid and show your friends that it is full of nice candy. Replace the lid, when you can solemnly assure your friends that you can instantly empty the box in their presence without opening it; and taking off the lid again, sure enough the candy has disappeared. Or you can change the candy into a piece of money by following the directions sent with each box. This is the greatest and best cheap trick ever invented.

Price, only 10c.; 3 for 25c., mailed, postpaid.  
C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

### SNAP BACK MATCH SAFE.

Just out! A trick match safe. It is a beautifully nickel plated box, of the size to hold matches. But when your friend presses the spring to take out a match, the lid flies back, and pinches his finger just hard enough to startle without hurting him. This is a dandy!

Price, 15c. each by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

### THE DISAPPEARING CIGAR.

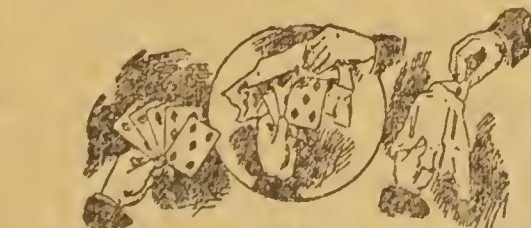
A new and startling trick. You ask a friend if he will have a cigar; if he says yes (which is usually the case), you take from your pocket or cigar case, an ordinary cigar, and hand it to him. As he reaches out for it, the cigar instantly disappears right before his eyes, much to his astonishment. You can apologize, saying, you are very sorry, but that it was the last cigar you had, and the chances are that he will invite you to smoke with him if you will let him into the secret. It is not done by sleight-of-hand, but the cigar actually disappears so suddenly that it is impossible for the eye to follow it, and where it has gone, no one can tell. A wonderful illusion. Price, 10c.; 3 for 25c. by mail, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

### INITIAL WATCH FOB.

It has a neat enameled black strap, and a small secure buckle, with a patent catch so that no watch can slip off. The handsome tortoise shell pendants are beautifully engraved with any initial you desire. The letter is fire gilt, cannot rub off, and is studded with nine Barrios diamonds. These fobs are the biggest value ever offered. Price, 25c. each, by mail, postpaid.

FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., N. Y.



'KNOCK-OUT' CARD TRICK.—Five cards are shown, front and back, and there are no two cards alike. You place some of them in a handkerchief and ask any person to hold them by the corners in full view of the audience. You now take the remaining cards and request anyone to name any card shown. This done, you repeat the name of the card and state that you will cause it to invisibly leave your hand and pass into the handkerchief, where it will be found among the other cards. At the word "Go!" you show that the chosen card has vanished, leaving absolutely only two cards. The handkerchief is unfolded by any person, and in it is found the identical card. Price, 10c.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

### GREENBACKS

\$1570 in Stage Money for 10c.  
Get a bunch of Stage Greenbacks (not counterfeit), wrap them around your own roll and show your friends what a wad you carry. Big bunch of \$1570 for 10 cents.

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5 in. long  
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**PARKER, STEARNS & CO., 273 Georgia Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.**

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time Band; Oh You Beautiful Doll; Casey Jones; Grizzly Bear;  
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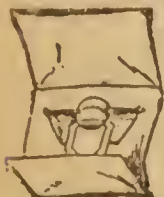
**H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.**





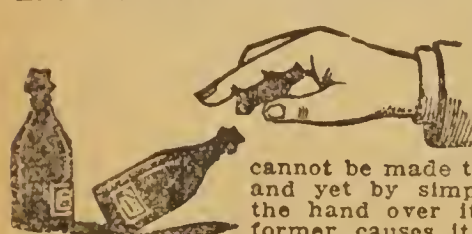
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Stung! That was one on you! The joke? You send a friend a letter. He opens it, and that releases the drum. Instantly the sheet of note paper begins to bang and thump furiously, with a ripping, tearing sound. Guaranteed to make a man with iron nerves almost jump out of his skin. You can catch the sharpest wisenheimer with this one. Don't miss getting a few. Price, 6c. each by mail. C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.



**The Bottle Imp.**—The peculiarity of this little bottle is that it cannot be made to lie down, and yet by simply passing the hand over it, the performer causes it to do so. This trick affords great amusement, and is of convenient size to carry about. Price, 10c.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

#### THE PEG JUMPER.



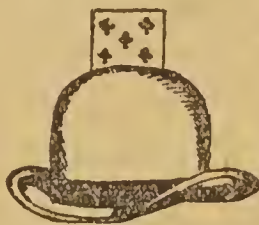
A very effective pocket trick, easily to be performed by any one. A miniature paddle is shown. Central holes are drilled through it. A wooden peg is inside of the upper hole. Showing now both sides of the paddle, the performer causes, by simply breathing upon it, the peg to leave the upper hole, and appear in the middle one. Then it jumps to the lower hole, back to the middle one, and lastly to the upper hole. Both sides of the paddle are repeatedly shown. Price by mail, 15c. C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

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#### CARD THROUGH THE HAT TRICK



With this trick you borrow a hat, and apparently shove a card up through the crown, without injuring the card or hat. The operation can be reversed, the performer seemingly pushing the card down through the crown into the hat again. It is a trick which will puzzle and interest the closest observer and detection is almost impossible. It is so simple that a child can learn how to perform it in a few minutes. Price 10 cents each, by mail, post-paid. H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

#### WHISTLEPHONE



This is one of the greatest musical instruments ever invented. It is made entirely of metal and is almost invisible when in use. With it, in a few moments, you can learn to play all kinds of tunes, have lots of fun, please and amuse your friends and make some money, too. Fine for either song or piano accompaniment or by itself alone. You place the whistlephone in the mouth with half circle out, place end of tongue to rounded part and blow gently as if to cool the lips. A few trials will enable one to play any tune or air. Price 6 cents each by mail, post-paid. H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

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A full pack of 52 cards, but by the aid of the instructions given, anyone can perform the most wonderful tricks. Many of the feats exhibited are truly marvelous, and astonishing and amuse a whole audience. Practically no sleight-of-hand. The whole trick is in the cards. Price, 35c. by mail, postpaid. WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

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A full blooded pair of fighting game cocks. These Illiputian fighters have real feathers, yellow legs and fiery red combs, their movements when fighting are perfectly natural and lifelike, and the secret of their movements is known only to the operator, who can cause them to battle with each other as often and as long as desired. Independent of their fighting proclivities they make very pretty mantel ornaments. Price for the pair in a strong box, 10c.; 3 pairs for 25c. by mail, postpaid. H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

#### PIGGY IN A COFFIN.



This is a wicked pig that died at an early age, and here he is in his coffin ready for burial. There will be a great many mourners at his funeral, for this coffin, pretty as it looks, is very tricky, and the man who gets it open will feel real grief. The coffin is made of metal, perfectly shaped and beautifully lacquered. The trick is to open it to see the pig. The man that tries it gets his fingers and feelings hurt, and piggy comes out to grunt at his victims. The tubular end of the coffin, which everyone (in trying to open) presses inward, contains a needle which stabs the victim in his thumb or finger every time. This is the latest and a very "impressive" trick. It can be opened easily by anyone in the secret, and as a neat catch-joke to save yourself from a bore is unsurpassed. Price, 10c.; 3 for 25c., postpaid; one dozen by express, 75c. WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

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